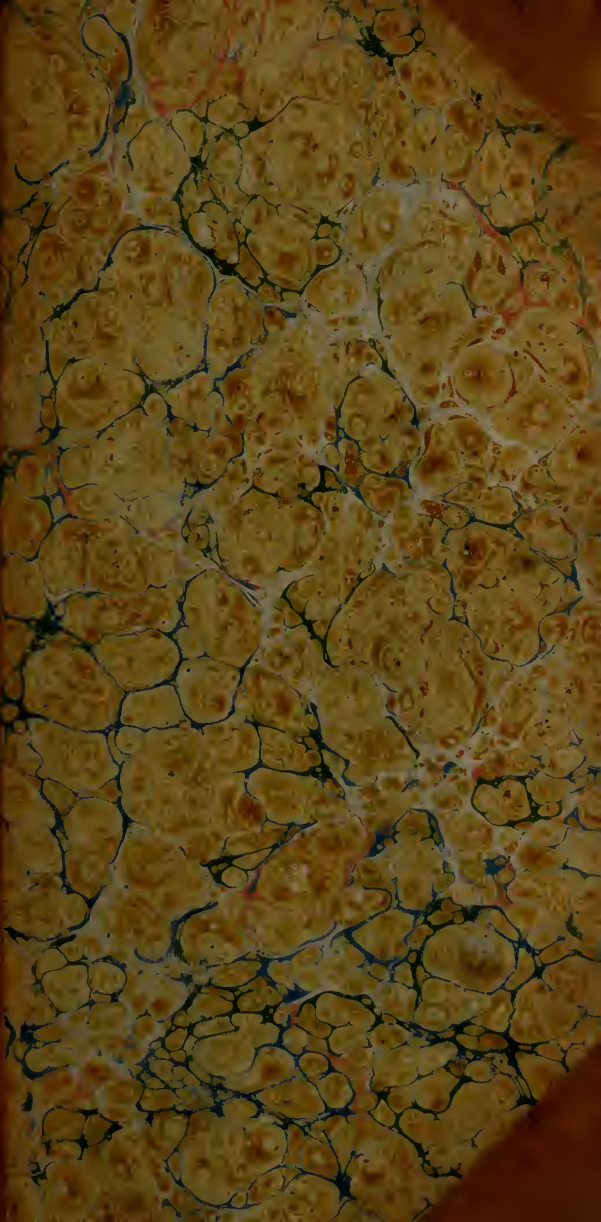

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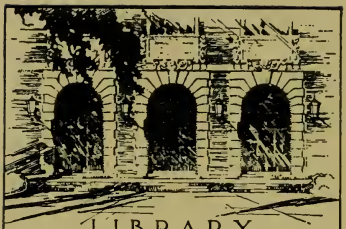

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VITTORIA COLONNA:

A TALE OF ROME,

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
MDCCCXXVII.

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VITTORIA COLONNA.

CHAPTER I.

"Arma virumque cano."
VIRGIL.

For many weeks ensuing, General Dallemagne was engaged in the task of pacification, and in organizing the new Roman government. In these occupations he was first interrupted by the sudden return of Massena, proclaiming, as he entered the city, that he had not resigned; but the proclamation of the late general was instantly torn down, himself slighted, welcomed with no honours, and treated by all with so much contempt that he lay for many days, as the documents of those times inform us, in a passionate and bilious fever, caused

by his disappointment and rage. As soon as he could rise, he again took his departure from Rome, not without the further annoyance of learning that, during his slighted and almost unknown stay, his friend Dallemagne had installed the Roman senate in the Capitol, with a pomp and ceremony that rivalled the planting of the tree of liberty by Berthier. His speech to the senate too rivalled Berthier's address; the one had invoked the manes of Cato and Hortensius, the other, in order to be equally classic and original, exclaimed, "*Ombres des Emiles et des Scipions, appaisez vous!*" &c.

A tribunate of seventy-two members was at the same time established; the number of senators amounted to thirty-two.† The form of all decrees ran thus:—"The Senate, adopting the recommendation of the Tribunate, decrees," &c. and as the Tribu-

† It may be amusing, for comparison-sake, to note down, that the annual pay of a Consul was 6450 scudi, that of a senator or tribune 516 scudi, and that of a grand Ædile or Prætor 430 scudi.

nate *adopted* in turn the recommendation of the French commander, the extent of Roman liberty, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, may be ascertained without much trouble or nicety of calculation.

The first object of General Dallemagne's care, after the installation of the government, was to keep his promise with Latour; Carrier, the principal *concussionaire*, attached to the staff of General Cervoni, was given up to be tried by a military commission. Evidence could not be wanting; and as the despoiled Romans flocked in crowds to bear testimony and demand restitution, he was fully convicted of the robberies, in which all his civilian, and not a few of his military comrades had joined. In vain Massena endeavoured to interfere and save the life of his accomplice, by menaces sent from his retirement to all in command and influence at Rome. Carrier was shot before the assembled army in the Place of St. Peter's, "a just victim," as the classic members of the late Pantheon Committee declared him, "to the offended majesty of Rome."

A great many of the higher ranks were arrested as cognizant and accomplices of the late conspiracy. None of the cardinals were left at liberty; many of them, after a week's confinement at the convent of the *Convertite*, were despatched, with an immense number of other ecclesiastics, to Civita Vecchia, and thence embarked for Corsica. The aged prelates of the Church bore their misfortunes, for the most part, with serenity and patience.—Cardinal Borgia, amongst others, begged for his last opera ere he departed. It is a strong characteristic of the age, that the sacro-sanctity of the Popedom and its supporters were violated with consequences so trifling; and that even in suffering degradation and dethronement, *bon mots*, mingled with the maledictions which these once powerful ecclesiastics flung upon their enemies.

Amongst other steps which Dallemagne and the seven consuls took, in order to curb, and guard against that spirit which the Romans had of late so unexpectedly shewn, was that of disarming the citizens. The execution of this

was an invidious and disagreeable task, which the French general wished to impose on the Roman municipality; and the municipality in turn preferred throwing the odium upon the French. It was, however, at length decided, that a consul, accompanied by a French officer, should perform the office of disarming his fellow-citizens. Each consul chose a quarter of the city throughout which his part of the task was to be performed. Bassi, who loved not the prospect of blows or squabbles, preferred the more civilized and well-conducted regions of the city around the Capitol, and the upper part of the Corso; whilst his wiser brethren willingly agreed to search the hovels and face the anger of the Trasteverini, rather than make enemies amongst the wealthy and trading citizens, who might prove very obsequious to authority for the moment, but who might also cherish very vindictive feelings for the future against him who was the agent of oppression.

Upon the day appointed, accordingly, the

Consul Bassi, with a sufficient guard of bayonets to defend his person and authority, in case either were attempted to be outraged by the peaceable citizens whom he had selected to visit, made his appearance in the Corso, the fasces and other paraphernalia of his office not forgotten. Thus arrayed, he commenced his search in the domiciles at the foot of the Capitol, demanding and taking all fire-arms, poniards, and other weapons of offence; even a spear or ox-goad was not allowed to escape the rigorous levy of the Consul, who remembered the bodily peril he had been put into by the charge of the ox-herd, on that day when Duvivier and his own awkwardness saved his consular existence. Notwithstanding his cunning choice of an obsequious quarter, Bassi found his task a perplexing and a tedious one, from the numerous subdivisions of a Roman tenement, its little world of families within the same four walls, and the labyrinth of apartments opening one into the other, and traversed by galleries and corridors, that the Consul at

least might pronounce as "leading to nothing." Not a single musket or fusil was to be found; the few that ought to have been forthcoming, having been secured upon the first alarm in caves and chimneys, and other cunning places. Bassi was actually ashamed both at the fruitlessness of his own consular errand, witnessed as it was by his sneering foreign allies, and also at the effeminate and unmartial habits of his countrymen, of whom, seemingly, an hundred could not produce a single fire-arm in their defence. The clamours of the women, in the meantime, whom he disturbed, like legions of wasps in their several nests, joined with the jokes which his French companions and overseers indulged at his expense, drove poor Bassi at length out of all equanimity.

"What! not three muskets yet?" demanded the Consul's guard of honour, as he issued empty-handed from the twentieth portal.

"*Ma che!*" Bassi impatiently exclaimed, throwing his arms in the air, and straight

plunging into the next *portone*, in hopes of there making a more successful search.

For the sake of exploring a Roman house of the middling order, we will accompany Bassi in his present quest. It was not a palace, nor yet upon the scale of one, having no court or carriage-gate, but simply a *portone*, or great door, ever open, of course, for the ingress and egress of the population of the house. Below—for to an English reader it is necessary that my description should so descend—the caves or cellars of the mansion rested in eternal darkness, save when illumined for a moment by the lamp of any dweller, whose flagon and cruet needed a replenishment of wine and oil. The ground-floor, to talk vernacularly, was subdivided into many little compartments which were tenanted at night by the very lowest orders—at night, I say, for the sunny hours of the day were universally passed by these *minente*, as they are called, in the open air, and in the

street, where the daily business of life, viz. eating, spinning, praying, cleaning, chatting, &c. was gone through with, as regularly, domestically, and unconcernedly, as if the privacy of four walls secluded the party. Thus the passage of a cart or carriage through the narrow street disturbed the economy of an hundred families; but the infrequent interruption was soon remedied, and chairs, tables, household furniture, old women, and basketed children, resumed immediately their free possession and enjoyment of the open street.

The official curiosity of the Consul did not pry into any of these compartments of poverty, if not of misery; the lower part of a Roman house, it may be seen, answering in insignificance to the upper part of an English one. He proceeded, therefore, up the stone stair at the rear of the mansion. This, at each landing, was open to the heavens, and might be considered as fairly out of doors, so jealously and securely closed were those which led from it to the flat or *piano* of each tenant. Out-

side the little parapet of each landing, hung a double rope, passed over a pulley at top, and descending into the depths of a huge well which thus supplied each *piano* of the mansion with water.

Bassi's demand for arms, and search for them, were directed to the first low storey or *entresole*, the entrance of which was, after some parley, thrown open to him, and the trembling tenants, the families of the lower order of trades-people, invited the Signor Cittadino Console to search their humble apartments, declaring, at the same time, that an awl or a needle was the most warlike weapon that ever lay within their precincts—an asseveration probably true, if stilettos were excepted from it. His errand still fruitless, the Consul mounted higher, hoping that the *piano nobile*, or more respectable part of the mansion, would enable him to bear away some substantial tokens of his active search, in the shape of pistol or fusil.

By the side of the door of this *noble* suite

of apartments, was affixed a square piece of parchment, on which was inscribed, with a good deal of flourish and decoration, GIAMBATTISTA MALDURA, *Speziale, Chirurgo*, &c.—simply surgeon and apothecary, with an appendix of some length, which hinted that the Roman druggist condescended to retail not only all articles in the grocery line, each the very best and finest of its kind, but various commodities besides; so that the difficulty lay more in ascertaining what he did not, than what he did sell. The *Speziale e Chirurgo*, however, blazoned in capitals, was put forward evidently, as the special and honourable profession of the inhabitant; and a profession of honour and consideration it must have been at that time, since Angelucci, one of the consuls, the ruling members of the Roman republic, was, himself, an apothecary and accoucheur, wielding, at once, in his private and public capacity, and no doubt with equal skill, the lancet and the fasces.

Bassi rung. A female head, after a time,

was thrust through a reconnoitring window, and informed the Consul, in sharp tones, that Signor Maldura was from home.

"I demand admittance in the name of the republic," said Bassi, with dignity.

"I know no saint of the name," said the female, leaning from the window, and holding in her hands the *riscaldino*, or little earthen pot of live coals, which stood her in lieu of fire and hearth. The person that held parley with the Roman Consul, was of gigantic height, and of middle age, although her hair of iron grey was parted over a forehead of the texture of brown granite. She was of that unrivalled ugliness so commonly found in the females of the south, after the bloom of their early years is past, and of a ferocious expression of countenance, which might have intimidated a bolder man than the Roman Consul.

"You must deliver up all the arms or weapons that you may have in the house; and give me entrance, that I may see you have none concealed.

"And who are you, with your gown and gilt stick?"

"*Il Console di Roma.*"

"And who made you Consul?"

"*Il popolo*—the people."

"*Una bugia*, a lie. They know better than to send away their own Holy Father—fine, tall, able, handsome fellow that he was, to set up such a tun upon two sticks as you are, to dress yourself out, and perform *funzione:*" wearing robes and going through ceremonies, being evidently the good woman's definition of reigning.

"*Grenadiere*," cried out Bassi, using the biggest and strongest word he could think upon, to frighten the obstinacy of the virago; "*venite in su*, come up, and force the door of these rebels."

A voice in the meantime was heard within expostulating with Altomira, and it evidently addressed the dame at the window, who at length assented with an "*Ebbene*, do what you will, let the robbers in;" and a younger female unbarred the outside door of the apart-

ments, and allowed the Consul entrance without obliging him to have recourse to the force which he threatened.

The reader need scarcely be informed, that the delay gained by the expostulations of the fair Altomira with the Consul, was employed in carefully concealing the fowling-piece of the good apothecary, who, like most of the middling order of Romans, was a sportsman, that had killed many thrushes in his day. So that when Bassi did obtain entrance, there were no fire-arms either produced or to be found. Accompanied by the French subaltern that attended his movements, but did not aid in his search, he pried and looked into each corner, nor met with what he sought.

"There are arms here," said Bassi, "concealed—I know it—I have been sporting myself with citizen Maldura."

"Ah, Signor!" said the pretty Mariella, "that was in happy times; but no one thinks of sporting or of pleasure now."

"And why not, my pretty one," said the

Frenchman, attracted by something more congenial to him.

"Because they have taken away our good Pope," replied the simple girl, "and there is no one to give us indulgence from fasting through the whole Quaresima."

"*E ci cascano le budelle, Sor Francese mio*," said Altomira, "which would put an old woman out of temper."

"*Ma lei non e vecchia*, you are not old," replied the Frenchman, flattering the old dame for the sake of her daughter,—as he thought Mariella.

"Ah!" sighed Altomira, "*c'era un tempo*, there was a time," and she put up her hands to smooth the grey locks upon her temples.

"Could not I grant you indulgence, my pretty one," continued the officer, addressing Mariella. But thus diverting his attention from her, awakened the suspicions of Altomira.

"You!" cried she, "ye'll stand in want of

a plenary indulgence yet, I promise you. Ye deistical atheists, that are worse than the very Turks, who believe in Mahomet,—and that is something. Whereas *voi altri Francesi non credete un corno*—you French don't believe a horn, (literally) or a tittle.

"We are, indeed, Signora Altomira," said the Frenchman, with the most insinuating blandness and humility, "a sad, misbelieving race; but all owing to ignorance. If a benevolent Christian would but take the trouble to instruct us."

"*Venga, venga, dunque, spesso,* come often here, and we will use our endeavours. Will we not, Mariella?"

"I think," replied Mariella, "that the *padre confessore* of Ara Cæli would instruct the gentleman far better. He is *dottissimo.*"

"Pardon me," said the Frenchman, "I cannot bear the friars; they are a terror to me."

"*Anche a me,* and to me also," added the *naive* Mariella.

"*Ma come ciarlate,* how you prate, all of

you," interrupted the impatient Bassi. "I must have arms. They are here, and by——"

"Do not swear, my Consul," said Altomira, "you ask women for arms, and the arms of woman you shall have: *venite, venite*, follow me."

The tall female, restored somewhat to temper by the compliments of the French officer, led the way into a small apartment, followed eagerly by the Consul, who was delighted at having thus vanquished the obstinacy of the virago, and persuaded her to give up the desired weapons.

"There," cried Altomira, as she displayed to the greedy Consul a certain piece of household furniture that I need not particularize—"*ecco le arme delle donne! prendetele.*" Bassi stood aghast at such a broad and practical display of Roman wit.

"*Bravo, Cittadina!—bravo, Cittadina!*" roared the Frenchman, ready to expire with laughter, which, along with the story, he soon

communicated to the guard without, whence it gained the whole escort and the crowd in the street, moving some hundreds to cachinnation at the ludicrous disappointment of the Roman Consul.

The anger and zeal of Bassi were interrupted, but not at all appeased by this sally, and the laughter which it occasioned. The jest by no means harmonized with his dignity; and his quick imagination brought instantly to mind the statue of Pasquin, which such a circumstance was likely to cover with ruthless rhymes in his honour. His resentment, in consequence, instantly recurred to a renewal of his search, and leaving the French officer, Altomira, and even the young Mariella indulging in a stifled laugh, he rushed to explore further, if not with the hopes of finding arms, at least with that of causing trouble and mischief. In this second search the Consul noticed the door of an apartment that he had not yet entered, and he accordingly laid his hand up-

on the lock; but the fierce Altomira was at his side in an instant, and forcibly resisted his intention.

"There is a patient of Signor Maldura's reposing within; and he must not be disturbed."

"*Grenadiere*," cried Bassi, calling the soldiers instantly to his aid, determined not to be trifled with.

"It is the chamber of a sick gentleman," said Altomira, "*e un Francese*, and a Frenchman too."

"I don't believe it," said Bassi, thinking the plea of the sick man, and of his being French, alike fabricated to induce the soldiers not to force a passage.

"He is a soldier—one of yourselves,"—addressing the soldiers.

But Bassi was not to be either besought or denied; and as his escort seemed ready, though perhaps reluctant, to obey and aid him in prosecuting his search, Altomira gave up the point; and the Consul, incredulous that the a-

partment contained any such tenant, entered it with little ceremony.

"Who intrudes?" roared forth in French that tongue to which Bassi so instinctively bowed, from a couch not far from the door, a voice not unfamiliar to the Consul's ear. "What, again to the spoil, Sir Commissaries?"

At the authoritative voice and language, Bassi recoiled, feeling that, according to the proverb of Ariosto, he had fallen

"Della padella nella brage;"

or as we English it most literally, "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" he was about to make a silent and precipitate retreat, when the voice of the sick man again restored his courage.

"Fear not, good Roman—for Roman thou must be, to force a passage in despite of women, and retreat from the first words even of a sick man. Who be'est thou? What are the news?"

"*Il suo umilissimo servitore, Colonello mio.*"

"Ah! Bassi," cried Duvivier—for the sick man was no other; "my respected and exalted friend the Consul. Come to visit your old acquaintance?"

"*Si, si,*" said Bassi, glad to give to his rudeness the pretext of civility.

"His excellency, the Consul, lies," observed Altomira, loudly.

"You are comfortably and charmingly lodged, Colonel," said Bassi, not heeding the remark of the female, as he cast his eyes round the apartment. It was evidently the best, the chosen one of the suite, and as such was adorned highly with old hangings that had certainly seen the seventeenth century, with nefarious attempts on canvass of representing saint, pope, and cardinal, the juvenile efforts of the family at painting; a few tall, thin chairs skulked bashfully close to the walls; and a rickety table at the bed-side, once gilt however clumsy, was laden with the various assemblage of a sick man's wants. On the cold, brick floor of this chosen apart-

ment of the *piano nobile*, stood the iron bedstead, on which a mattress, stuffed with the straw of the Indian corn, supported Duvivier. The chief ornament of the chamber I had nearly forgotten:—this, when the silken curtain which veiled it from the profane was withdrawn, appeared to be a richly decorated Virgin and Bambino, enshrined aloft, with golden rays and angels flying round her. At the feet of the image the little imitative pavement was tessellated, as Altomira had informed Duvivier, with relics, with holy and sovereign things, so that nor plague, nor pestilence, nor earthquake, nor thunder, could possibly endanger any life within that apartment. And therefore was Duvivier placed therein, that he might recover under the special and joint care of the Madonna and Doctor Maldura.

"You are even more holily quartered here than in the Pantheon."

"More securely at least."

"Now I should like to try of what celestial material yon *Bambino* is composed," said

Bassi, approaching the diminutive shrine; his object being to ingratiate himself with the French Colonel by a display of impiety. As he spoke, he stretched forth the wand which he carried towards the image, not without some superstitious misgivings.

"Come, Consul," said Duvivier, "there is no need of your struggling to be sacrilegious; nor is such politic wit calculated to cheer the couch of the sick. Come hither, and inform me rather of your state proceedings."

"You are no iconoclast, then, Colonel, and hold true to our Latin superstitions.

"There are living figures set up to be worshipped, Consul, which I had much rather throw down and break than these harmless divinities of wax and stone."

"The Roman senate sits in the Capitol—there are glorious news——"

"And the Roman Consul torments old women to yield up their arms?"

"The French heroes are at peace with

their general. Carrier, the robber, is shot; and Massena chokes with bile."

"*Benissimo!*—excellent!—What more?"

"There has been a large exportation of priests and red-stockings to Corsica, except those more guilty Cardinals, who, with their proud, aristocratic relatives, are reserved for trial and judgment. Your hosts, the Colonnas, are under arrest, and confined to their palace."

"I know it," said the Colonel; "and therefore am I here. General Dallemagne has ordered my regiment to the mountains after these insurgents; and I, poor wounded wretch, was a personage too much suspected, forsooth, of favouring the Romans, to be permitted to remain in the palace of the captive Colonnas."

"But why were you removed hither?"

"Maldura, the kind old *chirurgo*, that attended me, insisted so strongly on the healthfulness of his abode, and on the speedy recovery

which his skill would procure me, that I yielded, and preferred his roof to trying again the solitude and discomfort of princely quarters. But know you aught of the Colonnas?"

"No more than that they are suspected of having favoured this insurrection; nay, it is said, that the very meeting that planned it took place in the palace."

"But how can they suspect the Prince?—a maniac—a lethargic old man, in second childhood."

"Ah, the old aristocrat wakes upon occasion; and, even sleeping, he hath one who takes his place with all the vehemence and known bigotry of the race."

"What! his daughter?"

"*Si*—the Signora. She hath the heart if not the beard of the Colonnas; and had you been ushered into her presence, as I have been, on the business of my profession—my old profession I mean—you would have shrunk into yourself like burning parchment beneath her proud, supercilious gaze."

"As, no doubt, you did yourself, Consul."

"Did I? did I not? There was not only her eagle eye upon me, but the grey, half-meaning one of the old Prince, hushed in a bird's sleep, yet vigilant and ready to spring."

"And all your law-quirks went to nothing; your lying lawyer's visor was not proof against the dark eye and the grey one."

"Even so," said Bassi, rubbing his elbow, with that knowing, good-humoured, satisfied smile, with which professional folk, of all countries, plead guilty to a charge of honesty not all immaculate.

"And so you love not the Colonnas?"

"I, love princes or aristocrats!" cried Bassi, who piqued himself on his pure revolutionary principles. "I, a Roman Consul!—I know my duty better."

"Citizen-magistrate, I crave your pardon."

"This Consul has forgotten us altogether," observed aloud the French officer who waited without; and who had, by this time, exhausted his ordinary stock of gallantry without much success on the simple Mariella.

"Let the lawyer folk alone for prating,"

said Altomira; "even the sick cannot rest for their tongues."

"My escort murmurs," said Bassi; "farewell till I meet you in health."

"Take the many thanks you merit for your visit. I trust to see you soon, Consul, leading the Roman legions against the Samnites of Naples."

"*Scusatemi, buon Signore.* Excuse me good sir," answered the unwarlike Roman, as he departed.

CHAPTER II.

"Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
So still his hart woxe sore."

Faery Queene.

The night, when through the machinations of the Roman princes and churchmen, the Trasteverini had risen to the destruction of the French, was passed by Vittoria in a state of terror and anxiety to her unprecedented. Accustomed, as she had been from childhood, to the sedate and tranquil seclusion, or to the as tranquil and select society of Roman high life, those scenes of peril and confusion burst upon her unprepared, nor allowed her leisure to call up that fortitude and indifference to events, which, in troublous times, the most

timid come at length to attain. The religion, to the internal awe and external pomp of which she had daily bowed in reverence and pride, and which she associated, not only with the salvation and immortality of mankind, but with the superior sanctity and majesty of her country, was threatened with total overthrow. Her devotion and patriotism were alike interested and awakened. The saints and martyrs of the faith rose to her heated fancy, by the side of the heroes of Rome. Classic and holy visions were blended fantastically in her recollections; and she felt her native city insulted, not only as the metropolis of the Christian Church, but as the seat of the Cæsars' empire.

Her prayers ascended in that silent hour of night with those of the Church, for the success of the Romans and the discomfiture of their enemies; but at the first alarm of tumultuous warfare, the heart of Vittoria beat with more anxiety than Church or Rome, much as she felt for both, could excite within her. Duvi-

vier had rushed to join the fray. She had heard his departure; and not without some difficulty restrained herself from attempting, at that hour, to divert his purpose and stay his steps from the scene of peril. Confident that all the powers which rule or intercede in heaven, were propitious, Vittoria did not entertain a doubt of the discomfiture of the French and the victory of the Romans; yet ardently as she had hitherto breathed her vows for the cause, her lips ceased to murmur them after the departure of the French Colonel.

Restless and anxious, Vittoria despatched messenger after messenger to bring back to her tidings of how affairs went. Most of them, afraid to venture near the scene of action, brought back false and conjectural accounts, as fear or the desire of gratifying their lady's patriotism suggested; but the good friar, Tommaso, at length arrived, with the certain news that the French were surprised and beaten on every point, and in all directions. That the Pantheon had been sur-

rounded in an instant—the whole body of French officers cut off, (here Vittoria shuddered with what the friar thought most undevout sympathy, even though he was aware of the cause,) and the routed troops of the invader seeking refuge in disordered flight up the several ascents of the Monte Cavallo.

"For Heaven's sake! Holy Father," cried Vittoria, "issue forth from your convent with the brotherhood, and save the unfortunate fugitives. Those men of Trastevero in their zeal will have no mercy."

"It is the vengeance of Heaven," replied the friar, pleading rigour that he did not feel to excuse an errand that he did not like. "What could a breathless old monk avail amongst the friends of Fra Diavolo?"

"Of whom?"

"Of the mountain robber and his gang, whom the prelates have hired to head the Trasteverini."

"Then there is no hope that a single life will be saved. What a cruel, unholy, impious,

and unnatural alliance between assassins and the prelates of the Church!"

"We must scorn no instruments in this great work In his extremity the Prince of the Church suffered with thieves and convicts," argued the monk.

But Vittoria would not listen to his casuistry. "I will hurry forth myself," cried she; "I have been the cause, perhaps, of all this. One life, even one life saved——"

"And how are you to pick and choose that one life, amidst a routed multitude?" said the friar, arresting the impulse of the young lady.

"What *one*, father? I spoke not of any *one*," said she angrily.

"Then for the sake of saving any one common life from the ranks of Rome's invaders, the life and honour of a daughter of Colonna need not be exposed. Stay." And Vittoria was obliged to acquiesce in the paternal advice of her confessor.

A lay brother at the moment came to inform the friar that the French had taken pos-

session of their monastery, and were converting it to the use of a military hospital. "The wounded," said he, "are pouring in faster than the poor to an almsgiving."

"St. Francis be praised 'tis no worse," said the friar; "better have the sick than the sound billeted upon us. For man, prostrate and suffering, is good and grateful, whilst in health and upright he is ever craving, thankless, and cruel.—And so the French still hold their ground. *Quel Miracolo!* what a miracle."

Vittoria, left once more to herself, and reassured that the French, however worsted, had not all perished, felt the internal struggle recommence in her bosom betwixt her old prejudices and her new affections. From the sounds, not of victorious warfare, of flight and pursuit, but of a stubborn contest, which, taking place not far from the palace, was distinguished from thence; it was manifest that the French still held firm, perhaps already had the better of their tumultuary and undisciplined ene-

my ; and as those thoughts gradually arose and predominated, the love of Vittoria, and the object of it, faded from her anxious consideration ; and she began to tremble for the pride of the ancient city—for the independence of Rome, and the sacred religion, which the Roman lady for the moment feared might not survive the destruction of its ancient seat.

In this fearful alternation of sentiment did Vittoria remain, till as the first faint crepuscule of day beamed upon Rome, and as the slaughter and confusion of the night were dissipating and departing with the darkness that covered it, Colonel Duvivier was borne back to the palace in the arms of some of his men. Then, indeed, every other thought vanished from the breast of Vittoria. She rushed to meet the bearers of the wounded officer ; and questioned them in a distraction, the cause of which it was then in vain for her to attempt to conceal, and which did not fail to reach and sink deep into the languid perceptions of Duvivier. But there is no need of dwelling

upon such a scene. The Colonel was borne to his couch, tended by the anxious care of his fair hostess—attempting to speak no doubt at times, and as uniformly checked by the finger of the lady raised in tender caution to her lips—seizing opportunities, nevertheless, to look the gratitude and love which he was forbidden to express.

Thus not unhappily situated either of them, for in present feelings all others were forgotten,—not only feelings, but what were more important, the probabilities and chances of events,—some hours elapsed, when the tender and silent interviews of the lovers were most unexpectedly interrupted.

The French, as has been before related, succeeded completely and speedily in quelling the insurrection of the Romans; and Dallemagne, but for the loss of so many of his gallant countrymen and soldiers, might have considered those events, which restored union to the army and bestowed command upon him, as most fortunate. Subordination being re-

stored, the General did not meditate either vengeance or retaliation; he was indeed not sufficiently powerful to exercise either upon those whom he now ruled more by sufferance than legitimate command. Orders of punishment and trial were issued accordingly, not against any one of the mutineers, but against those of the Romans, chiefly either of the very highest or the very lowest orders, who were suspected of having joined or favoured the insurrection.

The captive Fra Diavolo, one of the many ruffians who assumed that dreaded name, thus rendered, as that of Captain Rock is in Ireland, more redoubtable by the multiplicity and consequent ubiquity of those who bore it, was examined; and, pressed by the alternative of being shot, or allowed with a round sum of dollars to embark as a soldier in the expedition then meditated from Marseilles, confessed the names of all whom he had reason to believe implicated in the conspiracy. Almost all the nobles and cardinals, that remain-

ed at Rome, were in consequence arrested; and the Colonnas amongst the rest were accused as being amongst the most culpable. Vittoria, who was considered as influencing, or rather acting for her bewildered parent, was not excused on account of her sex: but so much was conceded to delicacy and gallantry in this respect, that, instead of being removed to prison, a guard was placed upon the palace, and its inhabitants were told to consider themselves as prisoners. Cervoni was entrusted with the duty of stationing the guard at this palace; and in examining the interior, which he did for the purpose of obviating any attempt at escape, he learned that Duvivier lay wounded under the care and hospitality of the Colonnas.

Cervoni entertained a deep grudge and despite to our Colonel, and with very sufficient reasons, since, without doubt, it was principally owing to his exertions, that the secession of the officers and the meeting at the Pantheon had taken place; that the *concussionaires*,

all secretly connected with Cervoni, as well as with Massena, were obliged to disgorge their already secured prey; and that Carrier, one of the principal followers of Cervoni himself, suffered death as the prominent robber, for the rapacity of the whole tribe. The Corsican General—for Cervoni was the compatriot of Buonaparte—had not had leisure to form projects of revenge, ere the prospect thus opened to him. He returned to head-quarters, and represented that the leader of the late mutiny, in favour of the Romans, "unfortunately commiserated," urged he, "at the expense of French blood," would be a most improper companion in captivity to the Colonnas, whose cause he had so tumultuously taken up. There were many amongst the late mutineers also, classic folk, envious of Duvivier, and overwhelmed with confusion at the late defeat and rout occasioned by their unmilitary choice of a position, and who, moreover, dreaded the rebuke and sarcasm that awaited them from him when convalescent.

These joined eagerly with Cervoni, to prejudice the mind of the commander against Colonel Duvivier. It was remarked, insidiously, that he had seceded most opportunely from the Pantheon, and was known to have betaken himself to the Colonna Palace, about the time of the meeting said to have been held there. And that he had some connexion with the Roman insurgents, those heroes, who rose up like himself in behalf of the inviolability of Roman riches, and the majesty of the Roman name, was manifest, from his having visited the Pantheon upon that memorable evening, in order to give his comrades warning of their approaching danger. He knew it, and did not communicate it to General Dallemagne at all; nor even to the Committee of his brother mutineers, until it was too late for them to take the necessary precautions. And even then he had withdrawn his precious person, instantly, under pretence of pique, and by a two-fold desertion from the menaced Pantheon. He had taken refuge with his friends

and allies, the Roman aristocrat and his daughter, and had stolen forth, perhaps, towards the termination of the combat, to preserve his character and appearance of innocence by bravadoes and a wound.

These were the representations of malice breathed in the ear of Dallemagne, transmitted too as much of them as was necessary to the Directory and the war-ministry in Paris, who were extremely jealous of all eminence in officers, especially in the way of popularity and agitatorship. It was this indeed which rendered them so suspicious of their military chiefs, whom they besieged and harassed with spies and overseers in the shape of commissaries and commissioners independent of their command. It was this very motive too, which at the present time induced them to accede to Buonaparte's boyish and visionary, but noble scheme, of subduing the East, hoping that the republic would get rid of its troublesome hero amongst the manifold perils of Egyptian warfare, poison, pestilence, famine, or the sands of the

desert—those "moving accidents" of "Araby the blest." They seemed indeed, and with justice, most strongly impressed with the too veracious prophecy of Montesquieu—"*La France se perdra par les gens de guerre.*"†

Whatever unjust ideas the ruling powers at Paris, and Buonaparte himself, were thus led to form of Duvivier's ambition and jacobinism, for such was the name there given to all opinions on the popular side of republicanism as then by law established, the ear of General Dallemagne could not be so poisoned against his ancient comrade. The greater part of the accusation whispered against him, the General could himself have denounced as false; but a certain degree of distrust, nevertheless, he thought necessary to display towards him; and the order was consequently given, that he should be removed from the Colonna Palace.

General Cervoni did not linger in causing this command to be executed; and though put

† Pensées Diverses.

into effect with all deference to the rank and merit of the Colonel, and excused at the same time by the importance and criminality of the Colonnas, it was not without much indignation, and more energetic protests than were at all beneficial to his weak frame, that Duvivier suffered himself to be removed. To him no more was granted than to behold the hurt pride and disappointment of Vittoria, whose regrets on the occasion were not confined to this rude and abrupt separation. She perceived that Duvivier had fallen into disgrace with the ruling powers; and that his having stood forth so boldly and disinterestedly for Rome, excited, as without vanity she knew, by her rebukes and charms, had rendered him an object of suspicion and studied contempt to those of his compatriots in superior command.

She had been the cause of the young soldier's disgrace and misfortune. She felt so, when she lately beheld him in langour and suffering; and what other mode was left to her of evincing her sympathy and gratitude

than the attentions and concern that she had displayed?—Had these been extravagant? Had they been tender? Had they promised—plighted aught?—These were questions haughtily asked by pride, as soon as the object of her affection was removed, and the first enthusiastic hours of absence past. Mutely as the questions were asked, and mutely as they were to be answered in the breathless voice of her own heart, still did our heroine evade even that mute reply, so impenetrably secret;—so Jesuitical is affection, that if Charity doth not keep its own rule of "not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth," the maxim is religiously observed by Love.

We have already seen whither Duvivier was removed from the palace, now the prison of his mistress; and we may imagine with what reflections his mind was by turns embittered and soothed. On the one side, his affections, high as they soared, were answered with reciprocal ones—he loved, and was beloved; nor

was the noble rank of Vittoria, which, as a republican soldier and citizen, he was bound to despise, any obstacle to the good fortune for which he devoutly thanked his stars. On the other hand, his late conduct was liable to misrepresentation the more dangerous, as those opinions to his disadvantage might obtain hardness and consistency, ere he was sufficiently restored to health to contradict and confute them openly. But far above this, in his anxiety and consideration, stood the present perils of the Colonnas—of Vittoria and the aged Prince. The punishment that awaited them was, at the least, confiscation and exile; and he had too good reason to fear, that the accusation of enmity to the French, and conspiracy against them, could be but too easily proved. Their zeal for their religion, and its old establishments, he well knew, and had often witnessed; and he feared, that, brought before any tribunal, they would both be too proud of their acts not to confess and glory in the crimes with which they were charged.

Had Massena continued in command, or regained it, as he endeavoured to do, Duvivier would not have been long left in uncertainty respecting the fate of his Roman friends. That General would have hastened summarily the work of trial; and confiscation would have soon followed, in order to swell the wealth of that "cherished son" of rapine, who, after his failure in Spain, consoled himself heroically at Marseilles, by lending money to the needy at fifteen per cent. Dallemagne, however, was not of his school, and the accused Roman nobles were allowed full time, either to prepare their exculpation, or to propitiate the conquerors by profession of future obedience. Numbers of the peasantry, especially those from Velletri, and the mountains south of Rome, taken in arms by Murat, who *rode down* the country, as the expressive military phrase is, were daily brought to judgment, and shot in the several piazzas of the city—a frequent ceremony, that awakened each time all the pride and anti-Gallicism

of the Colonnas, and all the anxiety of Duvivier.

The Colonel, meanwhile, grew but slowly convalescent, although under the double cares of Signor Maldura and the Madonna. Maldura attributed this to the patient's contempt for his phials; Altomira, to his obstinacy in telling no beads; and Mariella, to his fretting, of which she anxiously and continually inquired the cause, sometimes to the amusement, and at others to the perplexity of the Colonel. The attentions of this kind and homely family cheered his sick bed; and the interest they took in his health was met by a corresponding and grateful one on his part for the good old surgeon, his daughter, and sister. Maldura, too, who had admission to the Colonnas, was a link between him and them; and this alone was sufficient to render his present residence, however humble, much more desirable than any other quarters. One annoyance indeed he experienced, which was, that he could never

keep the family a moment from his apartment or his bed-side, unless by affecting to sleep—a frequent pretence on his part, which had occasioned the intrusion and surprise of the Consul Bassi.

Upon one of the evenings of his convalescence, Duvivier sat up, endeavouring, or pretending to amuse himself with the only volume which the house afforded, viz. a sort of Roman pharmacopœia, or Physician's Manual, over the pages of which he pored, till he fancied himself affected with the whole catalogue of diseases therein enumerated. The amiable and ill-looking Altomira sate opposite to him, regaling him with a continued view of her countenance, and an occasional volley of Roman gabble, not spoken but shouted. She and her neice, Mariella, were busied knitting, pausing, each of them, at intervals, from their work to stir the hot embers of the *riscaldino*, or little earthen pot, which supplied their limbs with heat. The conversation, uncontinued as it was, was still renewed, from time to time,

by the old dame, who spoke of the glories of her young days; and interested the young Frenchman not a little when she touched upon any anecdotes respecting the present or the late Pope, Braschi, or Ganganelli—her father having been in the household of both Pontiffs.

"*Era povero piccinino!* Ganganelli was a poor little wretch," said she, "not to be compared to his holiness Pius; but what legs he has! *nostra Papa!* Jesu Maria! I remember seeing Ganganelli made Pope. The poor little hunch-back, they made him get upon a horse to go in procession to *San Giovanni Laterano*—for that is the Pope's bishoprick—and it is the rule that the newly elect should go take possession of his church on horseback. Well, Ganganelli, the poor monk, never was astride a four-footed beast, mule or horse, in all his days; but he held on like a boy mounted in a chestnut-tree, afraid to fall, but glad enough to gather the fruit, when, as the procession descended the Campidoglio, down fell the new Pope from his steed, and

relled beneath the arch of Severus. It was an awkward fall, but many present said that it portended more than broken bones; and for certain I have thought of the saying since, when the flesh fell from those bones piecemeal from the poison the Jesuits had given him."

"And you really believe that the Jesuits poisoned Ganganelli?" asked Duvivier, surprised at hearing so much allowed by an orthodox Catholic in the metropolis of Catholicism. But the Jesuits were not at Court then, and all was credited against them. "And Pius," asked the Colonel, "what think you of him?"

"Ah! a proper Pope,—only too fond of money and the marshes. He raised melon beds in those Pontine swamps, and taxed us all to support them—took all our gold, and left us nothing but paper."

The step of the *Chirurgo* himself entering prevented his sister from expatiating more fully on the policy of Pius. Signor Maldura offered no resemblance to the Veronese apothecary of Shakspeare's invention, being pass-

ing fat, jocular, and ruddy. The present, however, is no season for describing him generally, as he now appeared in complete contrast with his usual appearance. He was pale, and blown, unable to stand or speak, except some words that amounted to the world's being at an end, and all the inhabitants utterly ruined and undone.

"What in the name of Heaven has happened, *Sor Tita?*" exclaimed both females.

"They're condemned, cried down; they're not worth that," cried the apothecary, brushing one palm with the other.

"How the plague," cried the alarmed Colonel, "they cannot have been condemned so soon,—without notice, without time?"

"Nothing truer; and all through your cursed coming, ye unlucky Frenchmen. For all your laurels, fêtes, and triumphs, ye bring misery into the bosoms of families."

Duvivier, who thought that the kind-hearted surgeon alluded to, and sympathized in the fate of the Colonnas, was too much over-

whelmed to feel any indignation on account of his country being thus vituperated. "I must see the General myself; and try——"

"What! you rise at present—no, no!" said Maldura, seizing his patient; "of what use on earth could you be?"

"I can be—I will be heard in this. Of what value is my life, when the lives of those whom I value more than my own are in peril?"

"Ten thousand obligations for your kind-heartedness, Colonel," said Maldura; "but its not so bad with us yet. We have enough left, were it but in this brain, to supply our mouths with bread,—*sapete*."

"Did you not tell me that the Colonnas were condemned, old man?"

"Worse, worse," said the *Chirurgo*—"the *cedole* are condemned."

"Ho!" said Duvivier, "the *cedole*." And as the Colonel's anxiety and questions subsided, those of the females commenced.

The *cedole*, or paper money of the Ecclesiastical states, were declared valueless by the

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edict of the municipal government and Dallemagne. And every family in Rome, of the middling and commercial class, were in one instant made beggars, and compelled to begin the world again.

Thus the exile of the rich, the ruin of the middling orders, and the partial extermination by sword and famine of the poor, were the immediate consequences of the liberty proffered and forced upon Rome by the French.

CHAPTER III.

> "O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
> Reason in madness!"
>
> *King Lear.*

For some days Vittoria succeeded in concealing from Prince Colonna that he was a captive in his own palace. But the imbecility of reason, like its infancy, is often endowed with a kind of cunning, that enables it to see through any attempt to deceive it. Deprived of his customary exercise, he burst forth into abrupt and impatient demands to know the cause of this; and the tears of his daughter informed him. Never was maniac wilder in his rage; since the days of Renzi, for even in those days of popular ascendancy, one of his name had never suffered such indignity; and

to him, whose torpor was a dream of pride, a glimpse of his present fallen state was trebly humiliating.

"Just God!" exclaimed he, "are all the crimes of my race to be avenged on me, the last withered branch thereof? Have I slept through my days of peace and prosperity to awake, as in a dream, on the verge of a precipice? A captive!—am I fettered, am I fettered, child?" he asked, tearing at the same time the loose silken sleeve that covered his wrists, as if he felt, and was rending asunder the chains of his captivity.

"All but fettered in truth, father," replied Vittoria.

"Who have done this?—the French—they durst not—would not have so outraged even the old Ghibelline. Gaston is of noble blood—what though he be a bastard—and must respect nobility. He shall have the ransom of a Prince, and will take a Prince's word. I will see the conqueror." And the Prince arose in the momentary belief that he was Fabrizio

Colonna of centuries past, captive by the fortune of war to Gaston de Foix.

Vittoria seized her father's hand, and fearing to thwart, yet seeking to dissipate his error, murmured that "those days were long past." But his frenzy, which at first caught a glimpse of truth, had risen by excitement to its wonted heights of error; and the Prince, in despite of Vittoria, strode forth from the cabinet in search of the Bastard of Orleans.

"Man-at-arms!" shouted he to the sentinel, who stood at the end of the gallery without spear or coat-of-mail to warrant the title under which he was addressed, being clad, on the contrary, in the most unfeudal and unchevalresque uniform of a cocked-hat, square flapped coat, and long gaiters,—"send hither your chief; the Prince Colonna would speak with him."

"Sergeant," said the man-at-arms to a comrade in the court below, "*Monsieur le prisonnier* wishes to speak with the General."

Cervoni accordingly, who had installed

himself in Duvivier's old quarters, proceeded, in lieu of Gaston, to the Prince's presence. He entered the cabinet, and the old noble gazed for a time with much astonishment upon the meagre, pale, little, embroidered, modern general, who thus appeared in the place of the great shade, evoked by Prince Colonna's imagination.

"What would you, sir? Is not your chief at liberty, or in the camp, that he sends his groom to parley with Colonna?"

"I come to know what *you* would with *me*, Citizen Colonna?"

"Slave!" cried the Prince, roused at the, to him unusual, indignity of the appellation. He seized, as he spoke, a ponderous and richly-wrought mace, which perhaps the very ancestor, whom in his wandering idea he then personated, had wielded, and which, as a curious heir-loom, stood in the cabinet. The pale visage of Cervoni waxed paler still, but causelessly, for the aged hand that grasped was unable to wield the weight, and the doughty

weapon fell, for once innocent of blood, upon the resounding parquet.

The Prince gazed upon it, then upon his arm, trembling with over-exertion. The circumstance recalled his scattered senses. He smiled, and shaking his grey head, exclaimed,

"Go —— thou art not Gaston, nor I Fabrizio."

"Was I called here to be insulted?" asked Cervoni, recovering his audacity, as the Prince Colonna, having reached the crisis of his excitement, was relapsing into lethargy and torpor.

"You must have heard, sir," said Vittoria, "of my father's unfortunate malady. I regret that you should have been disturbed by one of its sudden ebullitions."

"And you would have me believe him mad, madam?"

Vittoria was silent. The word used by the coarse and brutal Cervoni was *matto*,—a term which, corresponding somewhat to our word

fool, could not but hurt and insult the daughter of him to whom it alluded.

"Not so void of sense, however, as to prevent his organizing treason," continued Cervoni.

"I am a woman, unprotected, General Cervoni, as you may, if you wish, perceive," said Vittoria, looking towards her father, then in a state of quietude and absorption. "A soldier will insult no farther."

The Corsican knew not how to answer the appeal. To retire from the rebuke of a woman without giving further vent to his indignation was difficult,—to continue his threats, unmanly. He was relieved, however, from his dilemma by Domenico, who, alive to every sound from the cabinet, had heard the Prince's short interval of reason, followed by the usual hallucination. He had watched Cervoni's approach, and had called down curses upon the old mace for not having performed the sacred duty of vengeance which seemed allotted to it.

At the appeal of his young mistress, the domestic glided into the room, rose like an apparition behind her chair, and cried out heroically.

"Not altogether unprotected, Signora, whilst Domenico lives. Their sabres shall hew this old body to pieces, ere they harm a finger of my young mistress."

Cervoni smiled, and so in truth did Vittoria; the former, or indeed both placed more at ease by an interruption more amusing than serious.

"I shall not put the prowess of this zealous officer of your household, madam, to the proof. I dare say that he is no solitary knight, not the only chevalresque defender which your princely beauty has in reserve for an hour of distress. However, as we are quartered here at present, not to *despoil the innocent* but to guard the guilty, we hope not to be troubled with the interference of any of these *preux*, whether silver-haired or raven-locked." Having uttered this with peculiar emphasis and significant look, the General withdrew.

Vittoria blushed scarlet at the palpable insinuation. Had her name become a by-word in the camp? Had the attachment, that she as yet had scarcely owned to her own breast, been noised abroad so as to be familiar to the tongue of this rude foreigner? Was it believed that she had deigned to employ personal influence, that one gang of her country's foes and invaders might rise against the other? If she had, in the first consciousness of her passion, feared that it dishonoured her rank and name, how humiliating must she have felt its being thus known, and breathed upon by vulgar breath! There are few things more distressing to the young heart than to find its cherished secret profaned and bruited in the mouth of fame.

Domenico perceived the Signora Colonna's indignation, which he attributed to no cause more remote than Cervoni's rudeness.

"Ah!" said he, "if the young Colonel had still been here, we should have been guarded from insult, as well as from robbery."

The remark added a fresh flush to the lady's colour.

"But he is beyond helping us," continued the domestic; "and I fear stands in some need of a friend himself, if the Frenchmen below tell true, whom I have spoken with upon the subject."

"And why should you speak or interest yourself about this strange officer, or hold conversation in this palace respecting him?" demanded the young Signora, with some asperity.

"How!" said Domenico, startled by the unexpected question and severity; "I'm sure Domenico interests himself about him less than does the Signora Vittoria herself."

"I, sir?—begone from my presence!"

"*Giorno di cholera*—what a day of anger!" cried the astonished domestic, "*San Domenico, che si fa?*"

He was very soon, however, recalled by his appeased mistress, who questioned him what he had heard respecting Colonel Duvivier.

She was grateful to him in the extreme for his civility, and the protection he had afforded to the palace; and hoped that no misfortune or relapse had befallen him since his removal to Signor Maldura's.

Domenico thought that it became his pride and duty, in turn, to affect indifference for the subject of his mistress's inquiries. He had learned, he said, that a new general was expected daily to take the command. That the *Direttorio* had sent dreadful orders to punish the mutineers; and that they could not do less than punish the Colonel, who had been the mover and leader of it, with death.

"But," said the alarmed Vittoria, "will not the soldiers who stood with him against one general, continue to aid him against another?"

"That is the very question I was bold enough to ask of them, craving the Signora's pardon for having dared to do so; and they answered, that more than half of their numbers were ordered upon some wild, far expedition;

and that the new general was coming with an army of *Polacchi* to uphold his authority against the remainder."

Vittoria's annoyance, caused by Cervoni's and Domenico's allusions, was here lost in more deep and less selfish anxiety. "Is he aware of his peril?" asked she.

"I know of no friend that he has to convey it to him. He is in disgrace; and friends———"

"True, true. Then we must inform him."

"Of what use could that be to him?"

"He could fly."

"And leave his rank, and trappings, and his glory, as these Frenchmen say, behind him. It would be a sad flight for the poor Colonel, Signora."

"Any thing would be better than death."

"I wish the Signora herself would think of flight," said Domenico. "She is in as much peril as the Signor Colonello."

Vittoria mused awhile. "It would be impossible, Domenico, to escape this Cervoni

and his guards; and even were we outside the palace, how or whither are we to fly? The roads are beset—the French everywhere."

"With the aid of him, whom we just now spoke of, all those obstacles might be avoided. Forgive your old servant—I grieve, even more perhaps than you, to leave these old halls,—but you are daily menaced, a moment since insulted—deprived of your liberty—threatened with the ignominy of a process, of condemnation, and the saints know what fate, if the new commander be merciless, as they say his employers are. Consult with Colonel Duvivier upon the means of escape; perhaps he might accompany our flight."

Vittoria's flushed colour rose suddenly once more; but it soon subsided into the paleness of anxiety and irresolution.

"Shall I go to Signor Maldura's," asked Domenico, "and demand of the Colonel if he could favour or serve our escape?"

"By no means, Domenico,—not yet. It is too serious a resolution to be taken in an in-

stant; but it would be generous to inform him of the peril, which you have discovered, awaits him."

"Then I am to go thither at least?"

"When you can do so with security, Domenico."

The domestic departed to seize the first opportunity of performing his errand, and more than his errand, to the Colonel. Vittoria remained pondering upon the chances—the possibilities—the urgency of flight, an alternative which had before suggested itself to her, but had scarcely seemed feasible, so great would be the difficulty of removing the Prince, and the danger that a casual burst of his disordered fancy might expose them to. She had also relied much on the justice and known forbearance of General Dallemagne; but to place the same reliance on the character of his unknown successor, who was coming armed, and especially prepared for vengeance, was impossible. At the same time, to emigrate would bring down certain confiscation from the

French government, from whose vengeance she might not long remain secure, even at Naples. Then the peril of Duvivier occurred to her, of which, most certainly, she had been the origin ; and which his continued interest in her might increase if she delayed in Rome. That he could resolve to leave the army, unless for the purpose of proceeding to Paris and exculpating himself before the chief authorities of his country—although she had at first entertained the idea, she now perceived its improbability ; and this reconciled her to the plan of having recourse to him for advice and aid in their escape ; and, however cruel it might seem, to entreat him to labour to effect a temporary at least, if not a final separation betwixt them, yet there were hopes of peace—of better times ; and, at all events, he could not but prefer the personal safety, even to the possession of his mistress.

Duvivier, in the mean time, whilst he recovered his health and strength, was making a return to the poor *Chirurgo* of the consola-

tions which the latter and his family had so sedulously bestowed upon him. Half of the little stock of the family had perished in the wreck of the *cedole;* and several days elapsed before Maldura could return tranquilly to the healing art, vending groceries and drugs; or before Altomira could count her beads or resume her knitting, in comfort. Even the less interested part of the household were made to partake of the general wo; the Colonel was wearied, even beyond his powers of patience and commiseration, by circumstantial histories, not unmixed with lamentations, of the rise, progress, and fall of the accursed paper money; Mariella's customary ditties were checked with a *Zitta, figliuolá;* and even the huge cat was put upon a meagre and penitential allowance. Duvivier was sincerely touched by the misfortunes of which he happened to be so near a witness; and he endeavoured to make amends to his host in the only way possible. "Surely," thought he, "I must know some one in power. Ah! my friend Bassi, the Consul himself,—

a lucky thought." In pursuance of it Duvivier despatched the *Chirurgo* with an introductory epistle, abounding in homage and titles, to the Consul's levee at the Capitol. Bassi felt honoured by the request of the distinguished officer, and to display at once his influence and gratitude, GIAMBATTISTA MALDURA, *Speziale e Chirurgo*, was appointed one of the *Grand Ædiles* of the city of Rome.

Much as this accession of wealth and dignity contributed to increase the cheerfulness of the *Casa Maldura*, Duvivier grew most intolerably weary of couch and pharmacopœia; of the surgeon's profound and eloquent gratitude, of his sister's conversation, and even of the pretty Mariella's prattle. It was with considerable pleasure that he donned his braided uniform; he drew his sabre also, and looked upon its shining blade with feelings that I durst not here give words to,—an address to his mistress, to Vittoria herself, would have been scarcely warmer. Mariella happened to enter his apartment as he leaned over it, and

began immediately to weep and cry piteously, that the "Sor Colonello was well, quite well, dressed and ready to go!"

Altomira chid, but could not repress the sorrows of the innocent girl, who had hoped that the young Frenchman would continue always sick, always subject to the care of her father, the attentions of her aunt and herself. The days of his indisposition had for her, poor girl, passed over so imperceptibly quick that she had not had time to imagine the consequences of his becoming well and restored to health. His convalescence was a surprise and disappointment; and poor Mariella was not to be comforted.

It was in the midst of this discovery of Mariella's *naiveté* that Domenico rung at the apartment; and the respect with which it was necessary to receive the chief domestic of Prince Colonna, fortunately for Mariella, drew from her Altomira's no very amiably disposed attentions. The old man was delighted to behold the Colonel once more upon

his limbs, restored to health so opportunely, he thought, to co-operate in the plans meditated.

"My old friend," cried the Colonel, "never was I happier to see grey locks. How fare the Prince and the lady Vittoria? How do they endure their captivity?"

"*Cosi, cosi*," replied Domenico; "it was bearable whilst the gaoler was respectful, but of late——"

"What! has General Cervoni dared," exclaimed the Colonel, grasping and elevating the sabre on which he leaned.

"*Pian, piano*, softly," said the domestic; "I come not from my mistress, nor to make complaints; it is to yourself, and to yourself solely, that what I have to say relates."

Duvivier felt more than half inclined to recal his cordiality.—"Is that your errand, Master Domenico? I know your benevolence towards me of old. But I hope that you come not here to fasten locks, or take any very especial care of me."

Domenico made use of the Roman negative of shaking *his* forefinger, with a smile,—"my efforts now, Sir Colonel, must be to make bolts and bars fly open, in lieu of securing them. Have you heard that a new commander is expected from Paris?"

"I could have conjectured as much, but had not heard. My regiment and immediate friends are from Rome at present; and none other of my comrades seem willing for kindness or good-fellowship to incur the odium of visiting a man in disgrace. Who may he be—if, indeed, your gaping Italian mouth can master a French name?"

"*Non si sa*, I don't know," replied Domenico; "but he is said to be very wicked and angry."

"No doubt—he swears vehemently, and tangles his teeth in his mustachios; doth not report say so?"

"And he brings a world of savage *Polacchi* with him, to plunder us of what we have left."

"Fear not. Barbarians are not the most barbarous nowadays. You may find these northerns with the hard names very well-behaved. But, perhaps, for you seem an overflowing Mercury, you can inform me what bring these said Poles here?"

"Without a doubt, to replace the French that are going away."

"Away—where?"

"*Nell' Oriente*, to the East they say; but whereabouts that may be, is more than either Domenico or his informant knows."

"I have heard of this," said the Colonel; "but could not have thought the enterprise so speedily resolved upon and forwarded. I am up however, as you see, and able henceforth to cater news for my own ear. What particular circumstance, however, touching me is it, Domenico, that you come to communicate?"

"Your danger, Colonel. They say, less cannot happen to the chief mutineer than to be condemned, and——all the army are sunk in pity and terror for you."

"The very sentiments that cost them, and will serve me, least. But come, you have spent sufficient time in preparing your real business. Tell me, at once, of the Signora Vittoria, and of General Cervoni's conduct."

Domenico here gave an account of the Prince's fit of insanity, and its consequences in bringing Cervoni into the presence of him and of his daughter. The domestic exaggerated not a little in his narration, the disposition of the Corsican General to insult Vittoria, and represented the peril from which his abrupt intervention had saved his mistress as far more serious and imminent than the truth. Duvivier's rage knew no bounds: he declared his intention of defying Cervoni instantly, a step that would, above all others, crown his danger, and confirm the suspicions against him. Domenico was alarmed at the storm that he had done his utmost to raise, and was obliged to soften his account of Cervoni's outrage, and retract the force of his epithets, ere he tranquillized the Colonel, and restored him

to a state capable of listening further. At length the old man disclosed the main purpose of his visit—the intention of Vittoria to make her escape, rather than endure more severity and insult, in awaiting, perhaps, that final confiscation, which was all the punishment her flight would incur.

"Ha!" cried the Colonel, more thunderstruck than was necessary by a resolution, natural to a captive situated as the Signora Colonna.—"What! fly, and leave——"

"There is nothing to leave but the bare walls," rejoined the domestic; "M. Carrier took care of that."

"Yes, but the estates—the family property?"

"Old earth does not melt like old plate, Colonel. We'll find the soil where we left it, upon our return."

"And when is that return to take place, my good friend?"

"When you Frenchmen are all gone, please Heaven!—but we wont speak of that time."

"A flattering calculation, on the part of servant and mistress. And what am I to do?"

"Aid the Signora's flight."

"If I could find it prudent to fly myself."

"And why not? Having saved the Colonnas would procure you honourable rank in the army of Naples."

"Very many thousand thanks for the condescending offer," said Duvivier with a smile; "but I might prove, after all, an unwelcome companion to the Signora Colonna."

"If no other reason than that prevent you, we may reckon——"

"Not so fast, my old friend; other reasons do prevent me. Pestilence seize the fellow. He esteems the epaulette of a French soldier no more than if it were the sash of a Prince's chamberlain.—I must see the Signora Colonna herself."

"It will be difficult."

"So much the better. I will see her on the morrow. Inform her of my intention

without noising it, Domenico. And be prudent—what you meditate is perilous."

The domestic of the Colonnas withdrew, and left the Colonel to a course of most unquiet reflection. Duvivier had supported himself against the consciousness of all the obloquy and disgrace that rested upon him as a military agitator, with the proud thought that he was beloved by Vittoria—a peerless female, and a Colonna. All that he had endured, and was yet to endure, was owing to that love. Before it had been awakened in his breast, no party intrigue, no disinterested cares for the conquered had thrown him into conflict with rival or superior authorities; his life had been a gay, gliding current, chequered but with the obstacles that imparted to it nobleness and pleasant variety. He had risen from rank to rank, on fields of battle, hardly, and therefore sweetly won; whilst his own glories and those of his country mingled, were sufficient to engage his interest and occupy

his thoughts. But now, since the thread of private affection and passion had been woven in his web of life, it had become tangled and perplexed. One impulse was at variance with another,—and both with prudence. His new hopes interfered with, and rose paramount to the ideas of duty and military honour which alone were wont to animate him; and between these conflicting motives every step was dangerous—every resolution fraught with peril. The necessary circumspection and labour of thought thus entailed upon him, was another source of annoyance; and to a mind like that of a soldier accustomed to obedience and decision, the labour of weighing and debating a point is intolerable. No other cause of such serious annoyance, except the inexpressible one of love, would have been endured. And at moments when irresolution rose, like contending tides, to an ungovernable height, the young soldier would have almost sacrificed his young dream of passion for the quiet and buoyancy of a whole heart.

"And I am to aid a noble Roman in emigrating!—a crime, than which the republican code knows not a blacker:—prisoners at the same time—I am to effect their escape! and all, that I may behold no more the mistress of my adorations. Oh! it is by far too absurd!—But how to see the lady, and dissuade her?"

Duvivier meditated various plans for deceiving the vigilance of Cervoni, and gaining admission to the Colonnas. Disguise occurred to him, but was rejected as possibly placing him ignominiously in Cervoni's power. He at length resolved to learn and await the hours of that General's absence from the Colonna palace, and on the credit of his rank, and with a resolute face, boldly make his way through the guards, to whom no particular command could as yet have been given, to deny entrance to one still supposed to lie under the hands of the surgeon.

This bold artifice he was enabled to put in practice on the following day; having previ-

ously learned from some of his comrades that the dreaded General expected in Rome as successor to Dallemagne or Massena, was no other than Gouvion St. Cyr. With delight, though in terror and amazement at his audacious appearance during the absence of General Cervoni, Domenico conducted the French Colonel to the presence of Vittoria. Tears sprung to the Signora's eyes on beholding him; and coldness and formality vanished;—and they met for the first time, avowedly at least to one another, as lovers.

Much time elapsed in the commencement of the interview, during which the purposes for which it was hazarded were utterly lost sight of and forgotten; and flight and emigration were subjects far removed from their thoughts. Roman pride and religious prejudices were at the same moment silenced in Vittoria's mind. In the defeat of her fellow-citizens, aided as they were by the Church's prayers, both these sentiments in her had much abat-

ed of their enthusiasm. No hopes or pride remained to them on which her thoughts could rest in complacency; and these of late had dwelt on, and recurred oftener to the valour and sufferings of her French champion and lover, than to the glories of Rome or of the Church. The idea too, then generally prevalent, that the French were invincible, wise, brave, civilized, and sent to regenerate the earth, long as she had spurned and resisted the belief, now began to weigh with her as truth.—Fortune crowned their arms—the guardian angel of the Vatican had abandoned the seat of sacred power to the invaders; "and when the Saints despaired of their own cause, and failed to aid it," as was rationally argued at the time, "what was left to their votaries but to believe in, as well as to obey the victor."

When the conversation of the lovers did at length turn upon the meditated plan of flight, Vittoria seemed not resolved, nor bent upon

following the resolution; and Duvivier was decidedly averse to it, on selfish grounds, he owned, but not on those alone. General St. Cyr, who was expected daily in Rome, was known to be an upright man, though simple and austere; and confiscation, which would inevitably follow any attempt to emigrate, could be but the worst and final consequence of remaining. The Romans were now quiet, convinced of their want of power to free themselves; which knowledge was the best guarantee for the future against attempts similar to the lamentable one that had occasioned so much misfortune. As Rome assumed tranquillity, its rulers would become less suspicious, less severe, more disposed to clemency and oblivion of offences. And beneath the laurels of French conquest, the protection of French philanthropy, Rome might recover her days of happiness at least, if not of glory.

"I will cease then to think of emigrating," said Vittoria;—"and yet to tarry with the hopes of being defended by your protection

would be vain, I fear. An expedition is reported as about to sail for the East, of moment and enterprise. The brave will scarcely be spared from such an army; and Colonel Duvivier may be called to distant victories; whilst the Prince Colonna and his daughter are left in the power of the mercenary army which France sends to garrison our city."

"It is a mere rumour," replied Duvivier, "an artifice perhaps to lull the suspicions of Austria, or some rival power. If the fleet of France set sail, methinks it should be for western shores—for England; as for the East, I cannot imagine what we should do there: for to fraternize the Turks or Arabs is a conception beyond even the audacity of the Directory. The idea is chimerical, and the very mention of the East bespeaks it so. But wherever the republican flag is destined to wave, there I hope to be found, be that in the Orient or the Occident. Till then, however, we have a breathing time, which should be spent in happiness; and ere that time, Vittoria Colonna

may exchange her princely title for one more humble—but more secure, and I trust, as happy."

There rose no blush in the Italian lady's cheek at the proposal; no tremor seized her; she looked as at a distant and far removed object at the possibility, which her lover regarded near and immediate through the microscopic medium of hope. She shook her head with a sad recollection of all the obstacles that stood between her and happiness, whatever kind of it she might aim at. She looked at the old Prince, who, though still, seemed by his glistening grey eye cognizant of what was going forward;—but that was impossible: the lovers discoursed in French, a language which the Prince had always disdained, and latterly quite forgotten; and if a spark of truth had lit upon his apprehension, the explosion of the old noble's rage and prejudice would have instantly made it known.

"We are at present consulting our safety, Colonel; let that first be assured," said Vit-

toria—" I fear yours is not. Domenico who, sullen and anti-Gallican as he is, has become a kind of favourite with your soldiers, who love, it seems, to be hated with reason more than to be flattered and cringed to without it, gathers from them sad forebodings of your future fate."

"Heed not the rogues, Vittoria. Like all rabble, they like to wind up their tales of interest with a death scene. I am a kind of hero with them; and accordingly, if I be not shot, it will prove a sore disappointment to them."

Vittoria shuddered.

"Fear not, I have friends and scars to plead for me in Paris; and the age of blood is past. But I must tarry no longer, lest I meet Cervoni himself, with whom the altercation likely to ensue betwixt us at present, might prove prejudicial to us both. When St. Cyr arrives, the cloud that hangs over us will be cleared up;—meantime, no thought of emigration."

"I promise—the confiscation of a principal-

ity might be endured; but that of friendship could not."

The Colonel retired to Maldura's *piano nobile.* Vittoria remained prisoner in her cabinet—both happy, and upraised above the misfortunes that threatened and surrounded them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Chiude l'alto pensier nel suo gran seno,
Fa di forti un' eletta, e al mar s'affida.
Non sì tosto sul dorso hallo il Tirreno,
Che giunto al Nilo già la fama il grida.
Salvo uscito sul Libico terreno
L'esercito si volse all' onda infida:
Guatò l'immensa liquida pianura,
E ricordossi delle patrie mura."

MONTI, *Bardo delle Selve.*

IT was now May. The Italian spring had mellowed into summer; a change of season, which, as it is marked in England by the increased melodiousness of the grove, is in Rome displayed by the increased loquacity of the city. A considerable part of its population seem to burrow themselves and slumber, like swallows, through the winter, till aroused, at the return

of fine weather, to fresh life and activity. The contrast, also, between the seasons being greater than in our northern climes—for the Italian winter, though so much shorter, is not less severe in degree of cold than an English one—renders the corresponding change in the habits of the people greater and more striking. The return of summer in the north is welcomed more as a variety than as a positive blessing; whereas, in the south, the return of heat, so indispensable to human happiness, is felt as an equal revival of the animal as of the vegetable world; and man's joyousness and vivacity are there excited by the same vernal breath that calls forth the flowers of the field.

For some days after his visit to the Colonna palace, Colonel Duvivier had been confined by a relapse. It proved, however, to be no very serious one; and in despite of the warnings of Maldura, he could no longer endure to behold the May sun beaming through the lattice without issuing forth to breathe and

enjoy it. Moreover, he had since continued without any tidings of the state of the army, of its new general, or of Rome, except the vague and ignorant reports which the Grand Ædile contrived to collect. Upon one lovely morning his impatience rose to its height; but was successfully resisted by the surgeon and his household. The noon soon after brought its heat and slumber; in the evening, however, the patient became uncontrollable; and, not indeed without considerable exertion both of voice and arm, escaped from the benevolent thraldom of his hosts.

Duvivier first ascended the Campidoglio, once more the seat of Consular authority—though all the tokens of such, that he could behold, were the little purses of the debtors, stretched forth from the under cells of the Senators' palace, to crave a pittance from the passenger. The tree of liberty, planted in such solemn ceremony, had refused to take root; and lay now withered and prostrate, be-

dizened still with the shreds of its original finery.

"Liest thou there," exclaimed Duvivier, "honest and veracious emblem of the liberty we have bestowed? Now, by the Capitol! thou would make even a soldier moralize."

Duvivier moralized no farther, at least aloud, passing down to the Forum, or Campo Vaccino, anxious to mark its summer appearance, being already familiar with its winter dreariness. The season had effected little alteration there: the pollard elms of his countrymen's planting were tardy in producing foliage; and, save that the vines upon the Palatine had reassumed their verdure, and begun to climb and overshade the bare ruins of the Cæsars' palaces, the Forum presented nothing novel in its aspect.

He continued his stroll by the foot of the Palatine towards the Tiber, passing those spots where are pointed forth to the curiosity of the credulous, the very site of the Curtian

lake, and that of the Ruminal fig-tree. There, too, stands the sacred Temple, in which may be worshipped the divinity of Romulus or of Vesta, which conjecture wills or names equally respectable and ancient. The young French soldier was attracted little by these petty and disputed relics of antiquity; he gazed upon the Capitoline ridge that rose opposite to him, abated of its pristine height perhaps by the crumblings of time and devastation, but undisturbed in its identity at least. The impertinence of learning could not shake or question that; and Duvivier's eye dwelt upon it, and his soul expanded with the recollections that gathered, as he gazed, around the hill, like light and gorgeous clouds, wreathing and swelling the sublimity of the more lofty eminence. And in truth there was need of fancy's aid; for no less powerful charm could force one to overlook the squalid hovels, with each its wretched little compartment of that sacred soil devoted to the growth of lentils, or more vulgar pot-herbs—each stunt-

ed shrub sprung perhaps from those which the Gauls grasped in clambering up the steep, whence they were overthrown by Manlius, now serving but to bleach the rags of beggars—the once famous Tarpeian steep itself, the awful leap of traitors, now a bald and crumbled brow, no more than fit to exercise the agility of a child;—these were objects that needed all the aid of fancy and association to represent them in their pristine grandeur.

Duvivier was too much the Frenchman and the soldier of the world to indulge in more than a brief and passing fit of enthusiasm, even upon again beholding the Capitol after two months illness. He passed on in high and fresh enjoyment of each object of the Italian evening, and the classic scene; his taste for such still pleasure being heightened by his long seclusion; and his mind, from that as well as from other reasons, being more given of late to the dreamy state of reverie, which, internally occupied, loves to repose upon an interesting scene—as the mind of

the Turk, languidly excited by his opiate, revels in dreams of happiness and pride, whilst his eye, from the lofty kiosk, in expatiating on the noble prospect before it, is satiated with its proper and separate pleasure. The thoughts entertained, and the scene viewed, may differ far, perhaps contrast, but there exists a secret harmony, nevertheless, betwixt them, with which the soul is pleased and lulled.

The eye of man never opened upon a scene more lovely in what it presented, or more powerful in what it inspired, than that which burst upon Duvivier as he advanced. The Tiber rolled before him, turbid, strong, but not impetuously forward, and in a mass, like the Rhone or other mountain stream: on the contrary, its course bespoke the plain through which it wound, and the heavy slime that it bore commingled with its waters, languidly wending on in broken currents, gurgling and suspicious pools, sucking in and then disgorging every straw upon its surface, instead of sweeping all rapidly before it. The river

looked, in truth, as if an attempt to swim three times across it, according to the prescription of Horace, would prove a perilous remedy, at least to a modern patient.

Beneath Duvivier's feet Tarquin's *cloaca* or sewer emptied itself, performing the same office for Rome, once more republican, which it had performed three-and-twenty centuries before, ere Rome was free. It had beheld Rome's first Consul, Brutus, and now——but a truce with such contrasts. From the right the river flowed through the city, between filthy and neglected shores, washing palaces and hovels alternately, with here and there a still subsisting ruin of the olden time. Beyond it were the huddled cabins of Trastevero, and above them rose the Janiculum, its beautiful ascent adorned with palaces and churches, with the Corsini villa and its gardens, the Church and Convent of St. Pietro in Montorio, where the apostle is said to have been executed, and St. Onofrio, the last resting place of Tasso. Its summit was crowned by

the pines of the Villa Pamphili; and the lofty pinnacle of St. Peter's, although the mountain intervenes, was still seen to obtrude itself upon the sky.

To the left the Tiber stretched its wide and sluggish way to Ostia and the ocean. The sun declining in the west was, to Duvivier's gaze as he then stood, reflected in its long and winding course; and, to his surprise, that reflection was broken by numbers of barks, moored at intervals, and laden each of them with a numerous crew. This excited the amazement and curiosity of Duvivier considerably; the maritime traffic of Rome could never, he knew, require or congregate such a fleet as that which now covered the Tiber. His suspicions soon lit upon the truth. On closely observing the *Ripa*, or great wharf of the city opposite, he perceived that the embarkation was of French troops. His comrades, his companions in arms,—with whom he had fought so many campaigns, endured so many perils, and reaped no insignificant por-

tion of fame, with whom he considered himself identified and inseparable, unless by the fate of war—were here setting forth from the Italian shores, to new conquests, perhaps upon this far-famed eastern expedition, not only without him but without granting him a warning or a farewell.

"Perhaps they think me dead," said Duvivier, "and in that case I know how brief a soldier's regrets and recollections must necessarily be."

To make himself more certain, the Colonel hailed one of the barks nearest to his side of the river, and which happened indeed to be moored to the ruins of what once supported the Sublician bridge.

"Whither are you bound, comrade?"

"To Civita Vecchia."

"*Et puis*—and then?"

"Heaven knows where then."

"Not to France?"

"No, no," replied the soldier. "Some say it is to Egypt we steer, some to the Holy

Land; and some that our arms are to drive the English from the Indies, revolutionizing *la Perse* and *la Chine* upon the road."

"A very pretty campaign of pastimes," exclaimed Duvivier, gaily, whilst the bitterness of disappointment rankled in his breast.—"And who commands the expedition?"

"The auxiliary one from Civita Vecchia, Brune or Berthier, I believe; but the grand one itself, who is there to take the command, but our little Corporal, Buonaparte."

"And where is he?"

"He sails from Marseilles the same day that we do from the Tiber."

The signal was given that the boat should get under weigh. The crew loosened it from its venerable mooring; and the bark eddied with the stream to a station farther down, depriving Duvivier of his interlocutor.

"It is then," thought the young soldier, "the famous expedition, for which the *elite* of our troops are chosen, and which has been so long fermenting in the heroic mind of Buona-

parte. The East too is their goal,—the glorious East; where conquest is, as it were, indigenous; where she bestows not the scanty laurels and the petty provinces, here her only meed, but empires, continents, and proportionate renown that almost deifies the hero; where the victorious general is emperor, the king of sovereigns, and even his lieutenants are monarchs." Duvivier here paced impatiently upon the bank, gnashed his teeth, and flung his sabre upon the ground in rage, that he should have been left behind, been shut out altogether from such a race of glory.

"He's jealous," exclaimed he suddenly; "meanly jealous is Buonaparte. I have seen an hundred instances where he hath put aside the brave, that would not at the same time crouch to him. He revels in dreams of Eastern empire; and knowing Europe no fit soil for despotism, he sails eastward with a chosen band. And I am not of it. Whom am I to thank? Massena? most likely. It must be so. I, an agitator, the leader of a mutiny, am

deemed unfit, unapt for oriental warfare; and must no doubt be punished for my froward spirit; left to garrison this city of old women, whilst my comrades all march past me in the path of fame, and rank, and wealth. Cursed be the cause of my disgrace, this heap of ruins inhabited by cowards, (what care I for the past, when the present, which was all to me, is made nothing.) Cursed be the fool, the chivalrous fool, that took upon him, forsooth! to right the wrongs and fight the battles of these pusillanimous Romans;—and cursed be the idle dream of love, of folly, that has led me so long counter to ambition, and has now destroyed its hopes for ever."

Thus, in the bitter feelings of disappointment, did the Colonel upbraid the affections of his heart, ungenerously indeed, and unbecoming altogether the sentiments of a hero of romance; but his sentiments, for life, even for the gallant ranks of military life, are, I fear, not in the least overstrained.

As the first gust of Duvivier's rage and dis-

appointment, thus abruptly and unexpectedly as he had been startled with the cause, subsided, the bustle and clamours of the embarkation attracted his attention. He would gladly have stood upon the Ripa, or wharf, to see—to bid adieu to his comrades, but the nearest bridge was at a hopeless distance for his strength, and there was no unoccupied boat that he could procure to ferry him over. He stood therefore alone—apart from the scene, though near enough to witness its bustle. With eagerness he observed the ensign of each regiment as it descended to the boats; and he bade each a fond and mental farewell.

Even to a stranger not interested, as Duvivier intimately was with the event, the scene was a noble—an affecting one. Here were the bands of heroes who had already conquered one noble kingdom in hard-fought fields, sufficient to have filled up the measure of one army's fame, and given it full claim to the enjoyment of its laurels in repose, now embarking upon a far expedition, mysteriously secret,

and, therefore, more glorious in the eye of fancy, quitting, not only their homes, but Europe, to brave perils, of which the first to be encountered was not the least fearful, viz. to cross, in small and crazy vessels, a sea covered with the fleet of their most hated and powerful enemy; but the thought of future peril weighed little upon their buoyant hearts; and song and laughter were the only sounds to be heard from the boats on the bank. Few Romans were near to witness the departure of the French; the few that did so kept at a secure distance; and contemplated, either from the heights of the Janiculum, the opposite height of the Aventine, or the shores near the Bocca della Vaita, the unwonted fleet that covered the Tiber, and was about to bear from them those visiters of ambiguous character, whom they scarcely knew whether to look upon as conquerors, liberators, or allies.

At length the embarkation was completed. A cannon-shot from the Ripa, which was answered by several from the Castle of St. An-

gelo, was the signal; and the barks unmooring dropped down the stream. With a loud cheer they bade adieu to the city of Rome, the goal of their Italian conquests; and the cheer was answered by the scanty remnant of their comrades who remained behind to garrison the city, and uphold the Roman republic. Both shouts were echoed and re-echoed through the hills of the city; and, as these commingling faded far away, the departing troops, with one accord, chaunted forth from their barks the *Chant du Depart*, the famous hymn of Chénier and Méhul:—

"La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière,
La liberté guide nos pas;
Et du Nord au Midi la trompette guerrière
A sonnè l'heure des combats.
Tremblez, ennemis de la France,
Rois, ivres de sang et d'orgueil,
Le peuple souverain s'avance,
Tyrans, descendez au cercueil.

La Republique nous appelle
Sachons vaincre, ou sachons perir;
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

The barks floated rapidly down the stream, leaving the sound of martial voices in this noble strain, floating behind them, and growing fainter and fainter. The golden rays of evening fell on their departing sails, and shed a sad liveliness upon that convoy of gallant hearts. Duvivier gazed long after them, until their voices were no longer heard, and the banks themselves half concealed by the windings of the river. He then recalled his attention to the scene before him, so quickly changed. The shade of evening, night's gloomy precursor, had already fallen; the shores of the Tiber were already deserted, as its surface had been; and no sound of human gaiety or human bustle was heard to interrupt the murmur of its flow, as it splashed against the bulwarks of the ancient bridge, or wailed along its crumbling and lofty banks.

A mistress left upon a desert shore by a faithless lover, as has been fabled by Ovid and by Ariosto, could not have been more overwhelmed by the abandonment than was Du-

vivier. He could not stir from the bank, or cease to gaze upon the darkling waters. He paced to and fro, he stood, he raved, he pressed his sword to his breast, then flung it from him; and under the safeguard of twilight, that screened him from curiosity or ridicule, the disappointed soldier vented his spleen in a thousand extravagancies. It was some time ere he recovered calmness sufficient to direct his steps homeward; and when he did so, it was carelessly, and without the requisite attention to the path which he pursued. He was accordingly astonished and startled to find himself under the shadow of a huge pile of antiquity, whose very existence he had not suspected; nor knew he what it was, nor where situated. It was circular, of great height and strength; its ancient magnificence still witnessed by the abused columns, and the broken and blackened cornices that adorned its shattered and tottering front. All this he was enabled to mark by the light of several forges, which were established, and in full noise and

blaze, in the arched caves that formed the lowest storey of the building. It is only in Rome where curiosity is wearied before the stranger has half completed his research, that these wondrous relics of the old time are thus stumbled unexpectedly upon, and are first perceived with amazement by the eye that has flattered itself long conversant with every Roman ruin. On ground, too, of such uneven and undulating surface, a few hovels are often sufficient to conceal and totally eclipse, as in the present case, a fabric that formed once one of the proudest ornaments of the metropolis of the world.

Duvivier, instead of returning by the Campo Vaccino, had struck into the city, following up the banks of the Tiber; and he thus found himself under the ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, of which, as well as of the quarter where it was situated, he was altogether ignorant. He was consequently under the necesstiy of inquiring his way of some obliging inhabitant; but this he found difficult, as every

passenger whom he approached avoided his address. If he drew near to a cabin door for the same purpose, the family within was instantly in trepidation and retreat, whilst the children, within and without doors, yelled their shrill warning of—*I Pollacchi! I Pollacchi!*

"So," thought Duvivier, "our good auxiliaries the Poles have arrived, and have speedily made known their presence, no doubt by levying contributions for their stomachs in the cabins even of this secret quarter. And these are the barbarians of whom I am henceforth to be considered the comrade, in the inglorious and unwarlike task of keeping down the frowardness and disaffection of these maltreated Italians. My ancient comrades follow war and fame, while to us is left the duty of the constable and the gend'armerie."

A large body of Polish troops had, in fact, as Duvivier conjectured, just marched into Rome to replace the number of French that had been ordered to embark on the expedition

to Egypt. The Polish regiments had been raised principally by nobles of that nation banished on account of their patriotism, who had made Venice, for the most part, the abode of their exile; and there had offered their personal services and influence in raising regiments of their countrymen to Buonaparte, when in the career of his Italian victories, and afterwards at Paris. From caprice or oversight, for which he laboured much afterwards to make amends, General Buonaparte did not hearken to their proposals, which, however, were, in a little time after, gratefully accepted by the Directory of the Cisalpine Republic; and these troops, raised by Dombrowski and other Poles of distinction, who showed themselves, throughout the war, worthy companions and emulators of French valour, now relieved the French. No troops were more gallant, braver, or more generous soldiers; but, as might be expected, their discipline at first was not the most exemplary; and a very little violence on their parts, joined

with their uncouth garb, tongue, and names, was sufficient to impress the Romans with a salutary terror of the barbarians.

All these circumstances, however little affecting Duvivier in reality, added to, and aggravated his disappointment. All food is welcome to spleen. And as the Colonel passed groups of these open-mouthed Northerns, in search and in enjoyment of the wonders of Rome, it was with no feelings of either patience or friendship that he looked upon his new allies.

General Gouvion St. Cyr had taken the command; and what seemed ominous to Duvivier, and showed how much his conduct, and that of his ancient and princely host, was marked in the General's instructions, St. Cyr, on arriving at Rome, had alighted at the Colonna palace.

This, as well as other hints of an aspect equally dark, was communicated to him on his journey home, by comrades whom he chanced to meet. One circumstance that he

learned, at the same time, afforded his disappointment some alleviation; this was, that only half of the number of troops garrisoning Rome, had been drafted to the army of the Eastern expedition. He had thus some companions left; and Italy might yet afford a field of glory. This, however, was no compensation for *his* having been overlooked in the choice of warriors; overlooked, indeed, he could not have been, but set aside, as marked with punishment and disgrace, he considered himself. The hitherto gay and stirring soldier never retired to his quarters with a heavier or a more depressed heart.

CHAPTER V.

"Les Polonais surtout sont ainsi: ils se disent d'abord plus qu'ils n'ont été, mais non pas plus qu'ils ne peuvent être. C'est une nation de héros! se faisant valoir au delà de la vérité, mais ensuite mettant leur honneur à rendre vrai ce qui d' abord n'avait été ni vrai, ni méme vraisemblable."

SEGUR. *Histoire de Napoleon, &c.*

DUVIVIER's conjectures respecting the cause of his being excluded from the chosen expedition, which was to ruin England and immortalize the arms of France, were perfectly correct. Massena had not failed to make his report of the mutiny to the Directory; and in this the conduct of the Colonel was of course represented in the most odious light, himself therein marked as an officer of most dangerous influence and ambition, and likely to afford

future trouble to that insecure and jealous government. Buonaparte himself, whose imperial predilections were early manifested, entertained an equal dislike for all such characters. His commands to Berthier, who was intrusted with organizing the expedition, were to exclude the Colonel; and the orders of the Directory, at the same time, to St. Cyr, were to bring the leaders of the late mutiny to punishment.

Upon the following morning, when Duvivier had risen, and was preparing to make his appearance at the levee of the new commander, a file of soldiers at the door of Maldura once more startled the family of the *Chirurgo*. Altomira did not choose to make the same resistance against a band of savage Poles, though, 'tis true, commanded by a French officer, that she had offered on a memorable occasion to the Roman Consul. They were accordingly admitted, and made known their errand, which was to conduct Colonel Duvivier a prisoner to the Castle of St. Angelo. The

officer bore an order to that effect, signed St. Cyr.

Duvivier prepared to accompany them without comment or objection; but the agony and lamentations of the Roman family were without bounds. They wept, cried, appealed from door and window to both saints and men, and attracted the attention, at least, if not the interest of the whole neighbourhood to the captivity of the Colonel. Noise, however, was in vain. The Poles led away their prisoner; and the final exclamation in which the rage of Altomira terminated, was, "May St. Nicholas swallow the Polacchi! they have taken away our lodger."

Duvivier's removal from a *piano nobile*, at the foot of the Capitol, to an upper chamber in the tower that now surmounts the tomb of Adrian, was, the idea of imprisonment apart, in favour of health and cheerfulness. His view extended over Rome to the girdle of hills that surround the Campagna. The castle was garrisoned by his com-

rades; and the sounds of his native tongue around were cheering. The fever of thwarted ambition, raised by his being shut out from the eastern campaigns, subsided with time: the European powers might stir themselves, and afford him still a field for his valour to display itself. Thoughts of Vittoria—of his peerless mistress and princely loves—however silenced and overwhelmed in the first burst of disappointment with respect to hopes longer cherished and more familiar to him—now recurred, and he even began to look upon his exclusion from the ranks of the *Grande Armée*, as a piece of good fortune far out-ballancing even the prospect of fame to have been acquired in them.

His captivity, however, and the similar state of Vittoria herself, were considerable impediments in the way of the composition which he was willing to make with fortune. The commissaries, and all those connected with the Directory, who had journeyed to Italy in the rear of the army, to enrich themselves by the

plunder of those whom the arms of their gallant countrymen had subjugated, might regain their predominance, and bring about the ruin of the Colonnas, to gratify at once their own love of gain and of revenge upon Duvivier, who had stood forth openly as the friend and defender of that princely house. But General St. Cyr, very soon after his arrival, gave proofs of his upright and independent spirit, by opposing and putting down the commissaries in a new act of spoliation upon which they had ventured, viz. the appropriation to themselves of a rich *ostensorio*, studded with diamonds, kept in the church of St. Agnese, and which they claimed as part of the property of the Dorias, lately exiled. The circumstance added fresh hopes to the soldiery and to Duvivier.

Vittoria supported the news of her lover's captivity with far less firmness and equanimity than the prisoner himself. Accustomed to hear daily, for some time, of the butcherings, the sanguinary revenge taken in France by the victorious party over the fallen, of the re-

volutionary tribunals and their dreaded guillotine, she looked almost on the victim seized as the victim sacrificed, not being aware that through all the horrors of the Reign of terror and Jacobin domination, the army remained the sole refuge of humanity, as well as courage. Domenico, her only counsellor, was himself even more certain of the Colonel's fate, and proved but a sorry comforter. The Poles formed now the guard of the palace; and their savage tongues and aspects considerably increased the despair and evil augury of the old domestic. Alone, as well as in concert with her faithful follower, the Signora Colonna formed a hundred plans for her own escape, and for that of Duvivier, of whose disgrace and danger she looked upon herself, with justice, as the sole cause. When she thought upon him, in durance and in such straits on her account, pride, superstition, patriotism, every sentiment, in fine, hostile to the hopes of the young French colonel, as her lover, vanished from her mind. Love, even more than philo-

sophy, makes us citizens of the world; in Vittoria, the Roman and the princess were both forgotten, whilst she thought on Duvivier with the simple and devoted heart of woman.

In order to enable her to put any one of her resolutions in practice, or even to procure information concerning passing events necessary for her acting, it behoved Vittoria to propitiate the good will of the officer for the time intrusted with the safeguard of the Colonna palace. Since the departure of so considerable a portion of the French force, Cervoni had yielded up this trust, as has been before remarked, to a detachment of Polish troops. Their commander, Kniaskinski, was noble of course, of middle age, although his years seemingly did not often mingle in his calculations, gallant and brave, not forgetting to profess himself as both,—and rich (if you believed him) even in despite of his will,

> "As a salt or silver mine."

Banished from his country by events which

banished from it with him every patriotic Pole, Kniaskinski took refuge in Venice, a generous asylum, where he found ample consolation for his sorrows. Indeed however misfortune abused or fettered him, he took his proper revenge by giving out a daily report quite to the contrary, in the very teeth of the evil genius that persecuted him. And as he was far from home, and all those plaguy witnesses that surround a man's native place, his tongue was allowed full licence of exaggeration, which it took even to the utmost limit allowed.

Though known as plain Kniaskinski to his republican comrades and allies, the French and Cisalpines, the Polish officer thought it better sounding to announce himself as Count to the Signora Colonna, whose beauty, rank, and misfortunes rendered her an object of triple interest to the chivalric Pole. As he put forth his best name, so it is to be supposed he put forth his most gracious manner, on being allowed to pay his respects to his illustrious

prisoner. And as Vittoria, subdued from circumstances in all the pride and spirit that she was wont to shew on such occasions, was as anxious to gain the good will of her military guardian, as he, from vanity and the usual coxcombry of his sex and profession, was desirous to gain hers, it was not long ere amity and good understanding were established betwixt them.

Little as the French were inclined to regard their new allies with amicable feelings, especially in their present state of ill-humour, occasioned by their being excluded from the glorious expedition to the East; still youth and leisure will lay hold upon any excuse for conviviality, nay, will look over pique for its sake. Hence were the Polish officers *fêted* by their brethren in arms; the compliment was returned; and grudge and inequality melted away in the good fellowship of the flagon.

At one of these entertainments, given by the officers quartered in the castle of St. Angelo, Kniaskinski, with many of his countrymen,

happened to be present; and Duvivier, whose captivity was by no means rigid, also made one at the festive board. Towards evening, the midsummer's sun shone fiercely upon the round walls of the tower, with a sultry effect to those within that rendered any other occupation than that of feasting eligible. But engaged in loud and stirring conversation, the heat served but to add to the excitement, and all, the Poles especially, seemed inclined to bid defiance to Phœbus and his rays by the libations which they poured to another deity. No flagon was allowed to rest on the table with impunity; even the *vermut*, or wine medicated with bitters, of which in these countries a little is drank at the commencement of the dinner meal, as giving a tone to the stomach, was considered as a very proper and refreshing beverage by the Poles, who swallowed it in bumpers. Orvieto, Fiascone, Asti, Lachryma, with all the wines of Redi, shared the same fate; and loquacity and *sardine* immediately restored the denied

degree of parchedness to the throat, as fast as it was washed away by the generous liquors of the south.

The conversation, as may be supposed, turned at first chiefly upon the probable fortunes of the gallant army, in which the hopes of France were now embarked.

"Malta is taken, without a doubt," observed an officer of rank; "I heard so from Macdonald this day." Be it observed, that during the summer General St. Cyr was frequently absent from Rome, and the government of the Imperial city and its garrison devolved in consequence on the second in command, who then was Macdonald. It is the name of this gallant and respected soldier that we find at the bottom of all the Roman decrees of this period, his Scottish name being as impossible to compose as to pronounce to Roman printers, who generally write him Mardonar,—any thing, indeed, except the proper way, through twenty variations.

"Then the order of St. John of Jerusalem is no more?"

"No more indeed. The requiem may be sung for all priestly chivalry. They yielded the isle without a blow. The expedition sailed forward without delay; and ere this the army is encamped upon the banks of the Nile."

"Then Egypt is ours—what next?"

"Why, Syria, India—*Sacre bleu!* that we should be left here to dragoon shepherds, priests, and Jews, instead——"

"My good friend," said the superior officer who first spoke the tidings, "do you hear the brazen angel upon this tower over our heads, almost tingling beneath the rays of this scorching sun. What think you of dragooning over the sands of the Egyptian desert under an Egyptian sun at this blessed moment?"

"Sun! psha, what is it," cried Kniaskinki, an ample pearl drop trickling down each temple. "I have felt it hotter ten times in

Lithuania. "And with this," said he, pouring forth a glass of rich Italian wine, which he preferred to the lighter vintage of France that circulated round him, "with this and a galliard enemy to chase, both sands and sun would be a paradise to me."

"But with a flying Mameluke for an enemy, as attainable by one of our sabres as a swallow, and with a camel's putrid skin distended with water, neither cool nor clean, for beverage, how would you esteem your war-paradise?"

"The better for all that," observed Duvivier, whom late accounts from the Colonna palace had disposed to look upon the Pole as a partial intruder and an impertinent rival; "the better for all that, to the soldier of imagination, who could romance, all the days of his life after, on the strength of the prodigies which he had suffered and overcome in the old land of enchantment."

Kniaskinski was too good-natured, and too

jovial at the time, to resent even a sarcasm upon his vaunting propensities.

"Rome," replied he to Duvivier, "ought to be no unfruitful scene for adventures, either of gallantry or heroism."

"I dare say, sir, you find it so," said the Colonel.

"Why, as to the matter of the heroism," said the Pole, "we are arrived the day after the *fête*, too late even to sabre a bandit. In the other way, we hope to make ourselves amends; if, indeed," continued he, smoothing his mustachios with contented vanity, "we have not contrived ere this to do so."

"You will find the dames of Rome, I do believe, Sir Pole, more difficult of conquest than the soft souls of Venice."

"Not a jot, not a jot,—that is to a man of enterprise, a man of the world, a man——"

"A man like Count Kniaskinski."

"Nay, no Counts, prithee; it is as much as a noble's head is worth in these times. Not but

that a princely title is my due,—what of that amongst the sons of liberty."

"Perhaps it is the Princedom of Colonna that Kniaskinski claims as his due," observed an officer; "if so, it has been both gallantly and speedily won."

"No, indeed; no, in truth;—independent of any such probability or possibility as that to which you are gay enough to allude, sir, the principality of the Kniaskinskis in Upper Volhynia——"

"I hope," observed the President seriously, "that there is no officer in our ranks impertinent enough to pretend to know anything about his ancestors."

"I know as little of my ancestors as any man, General Lemayne, if such be the order of the day," retorted the Pole, chafed by the interruption, and not restored to good humour by the laugh that followed his declaration.

"I think our comrade and ally," said the former officer, "likely to know as little respecting his descendants, if he be about

to unite his princely self to a Roman princess."

"Slanderer, you answer me that!" cried Kniaskinski. "I will stand up for the Lady Colonna."

Duvivier sprung up at the same instant with the Pole, inflamed, though in what shape or under what excuse to vent his ire he scarcely knew. But General Lemayne seasonably interfered; ordered Duvivier to the apartment where he was confined; and commanded peace betwixt Kniaskinski and the utterer of the offensive remark.

Duvivier had heard sufficient to inflame his mind, and agitate it with fresh causes of anxiety and resentment. Time, and the high hope natural to youth, had been but just successful in soothing the mortification occasioned by the slight offered to his military fame; and now those fretful thoughts were succeeded by others more passionate and indignant, and far more stirring, if not more galling to the spirit. The affection of the young soldier needed such a spur; it had hitherto shared his

heart with ambition; and the obstacles that had intervened to prevent or retard its accomplishment had also marred other hopes, and distracted the devotions of Duvivier from the mistress of his heart. Those times of action too, of public enthusiasm, to which it was deemed noble to sacrifice private feelings,—the contempt of chivalry with the aristocratic race that upheld it, and of all its lofty notions which so ennoble the individual man, but render him, at the same time, so useless and ridiculous as a member of the commonwealth,—these prevalent opinions of the day had their influence in chaining down, to a proper and commodious level of feeling, the naturally passionate and enthusiastic spirit of our hero. The ideal of love, as well as that of government, of virtue, of heroism, was changed by the philosophy of the new century; and the same enchanter's wand that raised up such fairy realms of novel perfection and nature in the political sphere, struck all the finer creations of the fancy and the heart with

aridity,—it dispelled and dissipated, with a sneer, the whole world of romance; such matter-of-fact personages as the citizen and the legislator became its chosen heroes; and military prowess remained the sole one left of all the old chivalric virtues, in praise of which the pamphleteers and journalists of the day, those sole bards and celebrators of revolutionary fame, deigned to string together their prosaic pæans.

Hence, the French Colonel tacitly thought that to bestow more than half his soul to love, would derogate from his martial and republican dignity. His ambition, his hopes for himself and for mankind both, (selfishness and philanthropy agree together marvellously,) kept pace with his affection for his mistress; and claimed an equal share of his interest and thoughts. A scruple of jealousy, however, thrown upon this mingled mass of sentiment, had instantly the chemical effect of precipitating the baser ingredient, and separating it from the nobler. Love then rose paramount;

and self, ambition, all the fretful anxieties for rank and fame disappeared from his mind, and fell neglected down amongst the dregs of his thought.

To trace and depict this re-excitement of the young Colonel's passions through all its gradations, its varieties, its ebbs and flows, would retard too much the march of this narrative; although, were its events to be chronicled from day to day, the succession of such moods would form a principal portion of it. Summer rolled on; and with it held its course the passion of Duvivier and Vittoria, marked by the usual symptoms, the wonted fits, both hot and cold, of that intermittent fever.

Meantime, under the mild dominion of St. Cyr and Macdonald, the captive Romans began not only to entertain hopes of pardon, but to taste of such alleviation of their captivity as might be allowed them. Vittoria asked permission to retire with the Prince to their country-seat, from the air of the city considered so pernicious at that sultry period. With

some delay and difficulty the request was granted; and Kniaskinski was ordered to look to his prisoners at Gensano, as he had hitherto guarded them in the Piazza Colonna.

Here Vittoria received tidings from the friends and allies of her family at Naples, warning her of some mighty event about to take place, bidding her support her present captivity with the hopes of better times at hand; they concluded with hinting at her speedy liberation as probable.

She was for a long time unable to comprehend what hopes were held out, or to unriddle the enigmatical promises of freedom. Public report, however, soon came to throw sufficient light upon her perplexity. Rumours first were heard to float of disaster and destruction having befallen the great expedition and its famous leader; and at length the appearance of Nelson, victoriously returning from the annihilation of the French fleet, and his triumphant reception in the waters of Naples, spread wide and loud the noise of the mishaps

which had befallen the French. This stirred up the Italian nobility and rabble, with the court of Naples at the head of both, to terminate in Europe the brief prosperity of the republicans; which, overthrown already in Egypt, was found to be no longer what it boasted itself and was esteemed—invincible.

These dispositions, ill concealed by a vain and ostentatious court, the forerunners of certain war, did not escape the attention of the French commander. The power of the republic in Italy was manifestly threatened; and although by no more overwhelming force than what the kingdom of Naples could bring into the field, yet the drafts for the Egyptian expedition had so thinned the republican ranks that to cope with even the army of Ferdinand was almost hopeless.

Such was the aspect of affairs, when General St. Cyr mustered the scanty garrison of Rome, and reviewed it in the Piazza of St. Peter's. He informed them of the machinations of the aristocrats of Naples, and of the probable

insurrection of the south of Italy against them. The address of the General was answered by his scanty auditory with a cheering shout, that bid defiance to Italian foes; the Poles emulating the zeal and alacrity of the French. The latter, however, did not forget their grievances and their friends, in the hour when their arms and good will being most needed, their demands were likely to be acquiesced in: and, accordingly, amidst cries of *Vive la Republique! Vive St. Cyr!* the names of Duvivier and other disgraced officers, were shouted forth from the ranks.—"*The liberation of our champions!—down with the commissaries!*" were sounds that informed the commander fully of the wishes of his troops.

No General more upheld the discipline of the army than did St. Cyr; but in revolutionary periods, the most powerful must learn how and when to yield. The present was no period in which to endanger public safety for the sake of preserving authority uninfringed. And our friend Duvivier was, in consequence,

after many weeks of irksome captivity, restored to the exercise of his rank; and his public re-appearance at the head of his regiment was welcomed by the shouts of the assembled army. Nor was the Colonel more content than was St. Cyr himself, with an event that allowed him to restore a gallant comrade, without inculpating himself with the Parisian rulers as hostile to their commissaries.

CHAPTER VI.

"And oh! the first unbosoming of young souls,
The first gush of that ever-springing tide, which rolls,
When it hath found a channel where to glide,
On to the sea of Heaven, that stretches before it wide:—
That is an hour, a life, an intense life;
The essence of eternity, a minute rife
With bliss, which could man hoard, it would suffice
To satiate his utmost avarice,
And sweeten this world's bitter cup of tears
Through the old Patriarch's centuries of years."

D'Oligne.

One of the very first uses which Colonel Duvivier made of his liberty, was, as may well be supposed, to fly to the Colonna Palace, in hopes of there meeting with Vittoria. He found it deserted and unguarded. The family, he was informed, still remained at the Villa Fabrizio, under the guard of the Polish officer—tidings, the latter part of which es-

pecially damped the joyous ardour occasioned by his unexpected liberation. To set off instantly in search of his mistress to such a distance from Rome, as he had done upon a former occasion, was not now to be attempted, with the character of a refractory soldier deprived of the confidence of his General. And the first days which succeeded his release, seemed to increase rather than diminish that impatient feeling of restraint, which he had, by degrees, ceased to become sensible of in the Castle of St. Angelo. In about a fortnight's time, however, St. Cyr, further informed of the hostile intentions of the Court of Naples, and conscious of the weakness of the force under his command, resolved to betray no sign of that weakness at least, and in consequence made an advance towards Naples, moving the head-quarters of the army to Tavoleto.

This allowed Duvivier an opportunity of riding to Gensano, and making his appearance at the Villa Fabrizio, to the no small amazement and delight of Kniaskinski, whom

he discovered on his approach prowling about the summit of the Monte Fabrizio,—stretching forth, every instant, a glass towards the Pontine marshes and the Naples road. A considerable portion of Duvivier's anxiety was allayed on thus beholding the occupation and evident ennui of the Pole, who apparently did not find the interior of the Villa such a kill-time paradise as the imagination of the young Frenchman depicted it to himself. Kniaskinski, on his part, was delighted to behold the face of a brother officer; having reached for some time the highest point that he saw was attainable in Vittoria's favour, and finding, consequently, nothing more in that quarter to interest or engage him, he was looking forth for the approach of the Neapolitan army, with prayers and good wishes for its welfare, until its arrival to afford occupation and variety to the French army.

The Pole welcomed the French colonel with joy, and forgetfulness of all past rancour, congratulated him upon the recovery of his

liberty, and demanded of him tidings of the approaching war with Naples.

"You seem as anxious for blows, comrade," said Duvivier, in whom a dislike of the Pole, his pretensions, and his vaunts, could not subside instantly, "as a troop of new levies, whilst the enemy is still at the distance of a week's march."

"More so, sir, more so. I am a valiant soldier, made super-valiant by ennui. Here have I been, picqueted on the top of an Appenine for six long, scorching weeks, sleeping twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and sabreing thistles for a pastime."

"What! does the Villa Fabrizio contain no nobler attractions for so gallant a count than sleep and thistles? Has not beauty her bower upon this wearisome Appenine?"

"*Si;* but when there is but one beauty in the said bower, six weeks are an age extended enough to outlive the stoutest gallantry."

"Yes, when utterly unsuccessful."

"Ay, or the contrary, Colonel. Take my word for it. But you seem sad and testy: the sepulchral air of old Hadrian's tomb still clings around you."

"I came to pay my respects to the Prince Colonna."

"Then you may as well make your bow to that respectable old Appenine before us. The salutation will be as speedily and gratefully returned. Never saw I such a piece of petrified nobility."

"And to the Lady Vittoria."

"Ah! but know you my strict orders to admit no visiter, none whatsoever, to the Prince or his daughter?"

"Romans, perhaps, or suspected persons—those of her family; but an officer of the republic, what is there to fear from him?"

"Most possible to imagine: What if he robs the bower of its beauty; and leaves me answerable not only to the vengeance of St. Cyr, but to the laughter of the army?"

"Nay, my word of honour, comrade. And if you be my rival, I claim admission from your generosity."

"Come then. At that old talisman of romance, every guard under the command of Kniaskinski shall give way at thy approach."

The Polish officer, as he spoke, led the way into the villa.—"Alive and safe—safe and alive!" cried Domenico, as he beheld Duvivier; the old man hurrying off to repeat the same words to his mistress, who was for a long time at a loss to comprehend their meaning. When Vittoria did so, she gave way without reserve to the natural impulse of her joy; and hastened to meet her lover with an ardour that could not but silence at once all his idle fears, fill his breast with delight, and cause the flush of shame to mingle with that of joy on the cheek of Vittoria herself. The Pole was struck with amazement at such conduct on the part of the austere and haughty damsel. He smoothed his mustachios and

retired, to avoid witnessing a further display of what afforded him so little pleasure.

"And you are free at length, Eugene?"

"Yes, Vittoria, free of every bond that I could wish to shake off."

"And quite recovered?"

"Ready to try my strength on the first Neapolitan cavalier that crosses your frontier."

"Hush!" said Vittoria, "my father hath no ear for quiet or even fond converse. But at any thing serious, a threat, a vaunt, a word firmly or heroically spoken, he is full of dangerous sympathy, and kindles up without delay. The frequent vaunts of our Polish guardian, his loud voice, and foreign accent, did not let a day pass without calling forth his frenzy. And my poor father grows weaker daily, and more susceptible. I was obliged to banish the Count from our little circle, which I was sorry for. He is an innocent, kind man, with no harm that does not vent

itself in talking. And then, like ourselves, he has no country."

"To the brave, Vittoria, every land is a country," said Duvivier, making use of the old saying of Ludlow, so oft repeated since by many a more unworthy exile.

"*Si*," said Vittoria; "but to weak woman——"

"Love shall be her patriotism," said Duvivier, seizing her hand as he replied, "a lover's breast her best and only country."

"And so it must, I fear," said the Italian maiden boldly, as she dashed away the tear which thoughts, more fit to agitate and interest a heart of other sex, had started. "Ah, Eugene, it is a selfish state this same love—a jealous, Eastern despot of a sentiment, that will allow no kindred feeling, be it ever so insignificant, to exist beneath its shade. Formerly, I could love my country, feel for it, pine, rejoice, and follow with my heart its fortunes. My religion too; I remember when I could have braved the stake, and died a mar-

tyr. Now, all is faded, faint—my whole soul possessed by a single, selfish spell, which must, I suppose, be love. It is like the upas which I have read of, shedding its blight on all, even upon the smallest herb that dares to rise within its influence, and rearing itself, the only exclusive symptom of life, upon the soil where it is rooted."

"Why, this is poetry, Vittoria!"

"I cannot help it. It is the Italian's trick, that the imagination and the heart overflow together; and I am so overjoyed, that I could almost rival my countrywoman, Corinna, and improvise. But I am flighty. Come, we will postpone dreams and poetry. Sit, and relate to me, in sober language, the cause of your liberation, Colonel Duvivier, and what new fortunes are impending over our hapless city?"

Duvivier obeyed the command of his mistress; and informed her that the occasion of his liberation might also prove the cause of separating them still farther for a time.

"You do not mean, surely," said Vittoria,

"that the Neapolitans are strong or bold enough to expel you from Rome?"

"Oh, no!" replied the Colonel, "such was not my meaning; but that their impertinence might bring us to Naples."

"Yet they are themselves confident; and promise, in a few weeks time, to over-run all Italy."

"Then you have heard from beyond the frontier, Vittoria. When will you cease to entertain those vain hopes of Italian independence, and to hold a perilous correspondence with our enemies?"

"The daughter of Colonna cannot altogether forget that she is an Italian. To shut our palace-doors against the friendly communications of our relatives, would be unnatural; and I am not the mistress of the Colonna influence. My father lives; and lives at intervals to reason. My uncle too, the Cardinal, observes me with a jealous eye. Our friendship has not escaped him; and even from his prison he writes to warn me against harbour-

ing thoughts injurious to"—Vittoria paused—"the interests of my country."

"To your rank and princely line you were about to say, Vittoria. He is right in warning you of my humble state, my want of these advantages——and so am I in entreating you to disregard them. Perhaps, of the two, I am not the least disinterested."

"In truth you are not," said Vittoria; "I never loved my wily uncle. He soon perceived my aversion, and returned it. I have since given him further causes for pique. And I believe he would exert himself as much to mar any plan of happiness that I might form, as to preserve free from French or republican friendships, the only daughter of his only brother."

"These churchmen will compel us to extirpate them: no rigour nor forbearance can keep them, or win them from intrigue. And what answer, Vittoria, did you return to the Cardinal's counsel?"

"Had it been mere counsel, I should have thought upon—perhaps, followed it; although

I fear *that* has been some time beyond my power; but being a menace I returned none. Should, however, the Neapolitans prove equal to their vaunts, and expel you from Rome, I shall have all to dread from my uncle's power."

"We shall put our happiness beyond doubt ere then; but that period will never come," said Duvivier."

The Signora looked at the Prince, whose grey eye was idly scanning the form of the French officer. "Here am I bound," said she: "and all-powerful as is the selfishness of love, it shall never distract me from tending my poor father,—no, nor allow me to take one step that would add to the sum of his misery. If he could read my thoughts this moment, I do believe they would break his heart. They are impious—guilty: let me not continue the reflection——"

"Nay but, lady, should we sacrifice our own happiness to the prejudices of age, and of the old times that have passed away for ever."

"Ah! this revolution—this new era of the world is pleaded as the excuse for every whim, for every crime. Armed with it, and with success, and with a secret of persuasion more powerful still, you have moulded me to your will, and made me regard as slight what I have ever looked upon as sacred. Have I not vowed myself to you, in despite of country, family, religion? But there is one sentiment which you cannot overcome—that of filial love. No, Eugene, I am my aged parent's yet, for many a year I hope; I will live for him alone, and neither for myself nor you. You must wait long for the hand of Vittoria."

She stretched forth her hand as she spoke, and the French officer seized it with transport, not damped by the threatened delay, which time and circumstances, or his persuasion might obviate.—"Well, Signora," said he, "I will leave a few weeks more of time to undermine this obstacle, which, when we are undisputed conquerors of Italy, I do not look upon as insurmountable. Meantime, the

heroes of Naples will afford me occupation, and will, I fear, divide my thoughts with you."

"I wish my anxiety were capable of similar distraction. But it is so decreed for our different sexes. Woman quaffs the sorrows of life pure; whilst man never has the poisonous cup to his lips, that chance does not present him instantly with one of antidote."

It would be wearisome to set forth more at length the triflings of the lovers' dialogue, which the re-appearance of Kniaskinski after some time interrupted. The Pole's resentment was as slight as his hopes of gaining Vittoria had been: his good humour again appeared unruffled; and, in order to display his perfect content and equanimity to the utmost, he allowed his tongue even further license than usual, in order to exculpate his heart from feeling more on the occasion than he thought consistent with his dignity and the high value that his vaunts set upon it. The approaching war was the burden of his jubilation, and the cause of many vows of prowess:

all tenderer sentiments he professed himself as contemning at the present moment. And some vague tidings which he had gathered respecting the martial movements within the Neapolitan frontiers, he so magnified and expatiated upon, that Vittoria deemed it advisable to think of removing speedily from the country about to be the theatre of war. The season too was already near when groves and mountains lose their charms and exclusive salubrity; and it was resolved, to the equal delight of Duvivier and Kniaskinski, that the Prince and his daughter should re-occupy the Colonna palace in the course of the ensuing week.

CHAPTER VII.

"Hence, without yon sally-port
Await thy page and steed.
Away, and be thy farewell short,
For trust me, thou hast need
Of giant strength, or giant speed."

D'OLIGNE.

MEANTIME report did not belie the intentions of Naples. As the season advanced, and tidings after tidings arrived of the precarious state of the French army in Egypt, deprived equally of escape or reinforcement by the annihilation of their marine at the Nile, the enemies of France and of republicanism at Naples took further courage. Queen Caroline relumed the bigotry of her pacific husband by magnificent promises of success; and in the latter months of the autumn, which had passed so

briefly and void of events, both for the French at Rome and the chief personages of this narrative, war was openly determined on by Ferdinand. Numbers were easily raised to form an army for this royal and religious crusade against the French. Great Britain was not backward in supplying aid; and southern Italy not affording a general of sufficient skill or reputation, one was besought for the occasion from his Imperial Majesty of Austria. General Mack was despatched from Vienna in consequence of the demand of the Neapolitan Court; and the German tactician, who was as inept as the most subtle enemy of royalty could have wished, arrived in the month of October, to drill and order the march of Ferdinand's army.

Championnet about the same time succeeded St. Cyr in the command of the French army in the Roman territory; and made every preparation for defending it against the threatened invasion. The Directory, however, from an ill-timed contempt of the power of Naples,

diminished, instead of reinforcing the small force under Championnet's order; and just upon Mack's march to encounter them, several thousand troops were directed to be embarked for Corfu.

Towards the latter end of November, the Neapolitans burst over the frontier in irresistible force, at three distinct and separate points; on none of which the weak and scattered French could muster an effective force. On the Adriatic, and in the centre near Rieti, they were kept somewhat in check; but at Terracina, and on the high road towards Rome, along which both Mack and King Ferdinand marched with the principal division, the French were completely routed and driven before their enemies.

The agitation, the suspense, the mingled hope and terror that prevailed in Rome, were even greater than on the first approach of the French. The middling orders were almost all conscious of having favoured the cause of their late conquerors; and many had accepted

republican offices under their protection. Many of the nobility were in the like predicament; but they rather rejoiced in an opportunity of displaying their valour and the sincerity of their new opinions, even at the expense of wealth and a temporary exile. The very rabble, who, since their defeat, had crouched and submitted in silent hate to their conquerors, began already to look erect and fierce, meeting in groups to communicate to each other their new hopes, enwrapped in those huge and dingy winter-cloaks, which at all times seem as if they could cover no personage less sinister than a brigand or a conspirator. Already had the noise of distant cannon resounded amongst the Alban hills; and scattered troops and bodies of the French rapidly traversed the city, from the Latin to the Flaminian gate. Every lofty tower and hill was covered with anxious lookers-out; and the hurrying to and fro in the streets—the jostling of the rabble and the soldiery, the former already venturing to utter impre-

cations against the latter—the prayers of the citizens that they might not be abandoned—the accents of woman too in despair—for the French had not failed individually to interest many of the fair Romans—formed one of those scenes of fearful confusion so frequent in these warlike and revolutionary times.

A species of national guard had been lately organized in Rome by the French—the Consuls were naturally its commanders. It was now called out under arms to preserve order in this tumultuary period, an order most reluctantly obeyed, and by none more reluctantly than Bassi, one of its principal chiefs, who was seen divested of many of those consular ornaments of which he was so proud—his classic robe tucked up *accinctus*, as Latour observed, and ready for flight. His burgess-troops and lictors, similarly inclined, and following each fresh impulse of the prevailing panic, added still more to the terror and the confusion.

How anxiously Vittoria's ear caught all these sounds and reports may be imagined.

The Colonna Palace commanded no view of the Corso, which was the principal scene of turmoil and panic; an intervening line of palaces screened the sight from her, but the uproar, the cries, the mingled sounds of menace, supplication, and alarm, had an effect even more terrifying to one unable to perceive the state of things. The Piazza Colonna itself, separated from the line of flight, was covered with groups of monks, and with that part of the female population around, whose curiosity exceeded their fears. And at times a few dragoons, who had been unable to rejoin their comrades by the direct road, made a circuit to avoid the throng, and gallopped across the Piazza towards the Corso, putting to precipitate flight the inquisitive and trembling groups. Vittoria watched eagerly the approach of each horseman, as he spurred past the palace, in hope that Duvivier would seize a moment of adieu, ere the French were finally driven from Rome. The sound of cannon was heard nearer and nearer still. The

approach, the victorious approach of the Neapolitans was beyond a doubt—the French were defeated—the Church restored—and Rome would once more enjoy its independence, and the presence of its sacred sovereign. There was a time when such prospects would have caused the heart of Colonna's daughter to overflow with joy; yet, now it hesitated, and refused to credit such unwelcome tidings, long cherished the hope, that some artifice of war, some brilliant act of valour, would repulse the enemy; and during any long pause between the reports of the distant artillery, she began to respire with the expectation that the march of the hostile army was suspended.

The numbers of General Mack's army, however, more than quadrupled that of Championnet. The French commander knew that Rome was no strong-hold to be defended by a small force; and he accordingly ordered it to be evacuated without delay. He placed Walter with a garrison in the Castle St. Angelo, promising him, on the word of a soldier,

that in spite of the Neapolitan numbers, he would re-enter Rome ere twenty days had elapsed.

Whilst Championnet, by these promises of speedy return, always given but so seldom kept, was endeavouring to re-assure the citizens, who crowded round him in dismay, a troop of Poles gallopped into the court-yard of the Colonna palace. It was Kniaskinski, who, notwithstanding his own valour, relied still less than the Roman citizens themselves upon the promise of Championnet, and came to rescue his equipage and worldly possession from the spoil of the Neapolitans. He was met by Vittoria, who assailed him with questions of information to very little purpose; for Kniaskinski was as unwilling to confess a defeat or retreat, as if he had been drawing up a bulletin under the direction of Buonaparte himself. "The Neapolitans," he assured her, "were at a considerable distance from Rome, outnumbering the sands of the sea most certainly; but French and Polish valour

was still between them and the walls of the Eternal City." He was putting his camp-equipage hastily in order for an advance upon Naples, by the Terni road, however. "The Neapolitans are gallant soldiers," continued Kniaskinski; "stand fire and cavalry well for raw troops; but the very sight of a lance is their instant discomfiture——"

"Why are not your brave lances defending us at this moment?"

"We are ordered to Civita Castellana. Colonel Duvivier has been intrusted with the command of the rear-guard."

"It must be a perilous duty."

"Fraught with hard blows, lady, and little to be gained by them, saving the pleasure. In the Colonel's case, however, it is a piece of great good fortune,—he that has stains upon his military reputation, which may be washed away in the blood of an enemy."

"What stains, Sir Count, on Colonel Duvivier's honour?"

"None whatsoever to offend the just predi-

lections of the Signora Colonna, but much to mar his interest with the powers that rule this army and his country:—over-republicanism—mutiny—special hostility to the civil officers of the Directory—marked attachment to some noble Roman families, known as aristocrats and anti-Gallicans—these——"

"Ah!" interrupted Vittoria, "at every step his ill-fated knowledge of the Colonnas exposes him to further peril;—but hark!"

"I was guessing," said the Pole, "that something sharp would follow that long pause in the loud talk of the Neapolitan artillery."

"What is it?"

"The report of small arms, of musketry, and near—it must be within the walls——"

"Blessed Virgin! king Ferdinand has taken Rome in despite of you;—and Duvivier——"

"Either flies, or is past flying by this time. And little space is left me to choose which of the alternatives still are mine. *Signora a rivederla*—to our next meeting, which shall not be distant."—The Pole allowed few seconds to

elapse ere he was on horseback, his companions and himself spurring their steeds to their utmost fleetness, in order to avoid a rencounter with the enemy.

The tumult and bustle, which of late reigned in the neighbouring Corso, had died away. So great a stillness had succeeded to it, that the clatter of Kniaskinski's troop was alone heard, resounding across the solitary piazza, and growing distinctly less and less as it sped towards the northern gate of the city. The Neapolitans already occupied the Laterans and its southern quarter; and the French, whose orders were to defend the walls, and the uninhabited hills, as long as possible, but to retreat without offering further resistance after the enemy had gained the city itself, made a stand behind the line of the ruined aqueduct, and from a sort of fort erected by one of the popes at the foot of the Aventine. Hence the reports of musketry came that startled Vittoria's ear: outside the walls, amongst the reeds and

low grounds, the noise of the combat had been drowned, or seemed distant to them in the city; and now, when it rung within the very walls, and amongst the hills, the war seemed as if it had sprung amongst them with unexpected and rapid strides. The streets became in an instant empty; not a monk was visible in search of alms or tidings; for till now the capuchins had begged amongst the crowd, affecting to be excused by their voluntary misery from all fear save that of starvation. As the female population retreated from below to their several tenements, the shutters and *jalousies* of every window were heard to clap; and as this took place through the length of every street, and resounded like a kind of hedge-fry through the city, each felt those symptoms of his neighbour's alarm, thus loudly manifested, add materially to his own. A few fierce-looking males were alone seen to prowl abroad,—men no doubt of martial sympathies, even in that unwarlike land, who,

though perhaps unconcerned in the issue of the strife, could not respire within a chamber, whilst the combat raged near and around.

The reader is, or at least should be aware, that the walls of Rome, at this moment occupying the same ground and enclosing the same space which they did in the time of the Emperors, must be "a world too wide for the shrunk" circumference of the modern city. Three-fourths of ancient Rome are now occupied by ruins and vineyards. This desert portion, which includes five of the seven hills, is that nearest to the Neapolitan road and frontier, and consequently explains the seeming difficulty of two armies combating, as in open champaign, within the walls of Rome. The ground, and the position of its several hills and their ruins, were most capable of an obstinate defence; but as Duvivier's object was merely to cover the retreat of the French upon Civita Castellana, without risking any unnecessary loss, he soon withdrew from the aqueduct and the Aventine, and made his last

stand upon the heights of the Cælian and the Esquiline hills, occupying the Coliseum betwixt them. Here indeed the tide of war was borne even before the very eyes of the Romans; and the Capitol again became what it had ceased so long to be—the witness of the shock of armies.

It was a moment of dreadful suspense to the Romans, who feared that the city, being contested by the French, and finally taken by the Neapolitans, would be treated as a town won by storm. Their suspense, however, was not of long duration, for by the time that the enemy arrived in force upon the heights, the French had disappeared, and were precipitating their retreat through the city, that their further resistance might offer to the Neapolitans no excuse to indulge in violence or plunder towards the Romans, whom they came to deliver. Finding the ground clear, the Neapolitan cavaliers pressed forward to the pursuit, and soon penetrated into the close streets of the city, without meeting difficulty or oppo-

sition. The French seemed already beyond their reach.

Colonel Duvivier, having led and arranged the retreat of his men, could not resolve to turn his back upon the walls of Rome without attempting to see the Signora Colonna, to rescue her from the Neapolitan power, if she felt reason or inclination to flee it, or at least to breath forth his adieus. Followed by a single dragoon, he swerved from the straight line of flight, stopped at the Colonna Palace in the square of the Santi Apostoli, and alighting, ordered his follower to await his coming on the summit of the Quirinal, which, after a moment's interview with his mistress, he purposed gaining by the gardens of the palace. The dragoon, accustomed as he was to be his leader's companion in feats of peril, objected at once to the madness of this: the Neapolitans were at their very heels, he urged. Duvivier repeated his command, and added that the horseman and both steeds might remain completely concealed at the other side of the Co-

lonna gardens, amongst the walls and buildings, which were of old, and are now again the stables of his Holiness the Pope. The soldier gallopped off with both steeds to obey the order, with a shrug, but without a murmur; and Duvivier entered the palace.

Vittoria had ceased to watch or to expect his coming. In peevish resentment against the caprices of fate, and in petty remorse for suffering such impious and unworthy feelings to replace the religious state of patience and equanimity, which, in the absence of love and the regular observance of religious exercises, she had always hitherto preserved; she looked on the approach of a Neapolitan commandant, in search no doubt of the hospitalities of the noble mansion. She was horror-struck on beholding Duvivier; for the shouts of the Roman rabble, greeting with gladness their Lazzaroni deliverers, were already heard to resound in the Corso.

"*Jesu Maria!* Colonel Duvivier, you here at such a moment?"

"There is time sufficient left me for a secure retreat; and for you also, if you will allow me to conduct you beyond the reach of these conquerors of the hour."

"Fly? fly thyself.—Me leave my father! What could have inspired you with so mad a thought! I have nought to fear from them; you, every thing."

"Nay, dearest lady, but the influence of the Cardinal, now that he is liberated and his party victorious; you before confessed to me that you had much to dread from him."

"Nothing, save molestations,—and what is it, that you should thus risk your life to prevent it?—And how could you imagine, that the Colonnas, Prince and daughter, to avoid any fate, would mingle with the flying ranks of a foreign army?"

"'Tis but the retreat of a moment—the absence of ten days at the least. You doubt. I swear by this sword to return within a short month. This seeming flight is but the uniting of one wing of the army to its centre,

which holds the high and advantageous positions of Civita and Terni. It is but a manœuvre of war, no abandonment of Rome."

"Heaven grant that we may meet so soon again, Colonel Duvivier, even though the cause and reputation of Italy perishes in the defeat. I forswore my country when I loved a stranger. —But if we do meet so soon, why tarry now in peril?—There, there the Neapolitan cavalry rush across the piazza.—See they wave their arms in triumph, and shout—Rome is theirs."

"Be not alarmed for me. Ferdinand, his precious general, their staff and suite have hurried, I warrant ye, to sing *Te Deum;* and these gentlemen cavaliers will lose as little time in proceeding to pay as fervent devotions to Roman provender; for they have had both a hungry and a busy morning's march across the *Campagna.*"

"Fly, then, Eugene, fly now, for Heaven's sake! whilst there is yet time."

"And you are determined to brave your uncle, the Cardinal's malice? I dread his

influence, his machinations, perhaps his eloquence, seconded by all the authority and sanctity which your Church affords him. He knows of our attachment, you tell me; and hates my cause and country."

"Fear not. My heart he cannot change, though we should meet no more."

"That promise is enough to nerve me against peril without and doubt within: Vittoria, I will seal it——What! refuse a pledge to your devoted lover, even in the moment of parting?"—Loud shouts, as Duvivier spoke, were heard upon the Quirinal, the triumphant acclamations of the Neapolitans as they took possession of the late residence of the French Commander-in-chief.

Vittoria stretched forth her hand to the Colonel, and with a voice suffocated with anxiety and alarm, again urged him to fly. He rose at length to obey, and taking a tender and passionate farewell of his mistress, turned to begone. Escape, however, was barred. The door of the cabinet was closed,

and the tall form of Prince Colonna himself, erect, and armed, his countenance scintillating with anger and menace, stood before it to oppose the egress of Duvivier. For so long a period previous had the old Prince remained low and lethargic, that his daughter had become less cautious in his presence, and less fearful of arousing any of those brief sentiments, which, like the sparks of a worn out flint, were now scarcely to be excited by the rudest collisions. The distant noise of arms, however, the uproar of combat, and the tumult of the city, with intervening fits of awful stillness, had gradually awakened the Prince once more from his long and deep absorption. Immersed in her own dreadful and unusual anxiety, his glistening eye and elevated head had altogether escaped the attention of Vittoria; and though his gleam of sense had not broken forth in speech, it was already alive and sentient on the entry of Duvivier.

The menacing apparition of his endless line of ancestry would not have so appalled

Prince Colonna as the scene which then passed before him, and to witness which the guardian genius of his noble race must have especially awaked him. Indignation mounted in his breast, during the progress of the lovers' interview, too high and fast to allow of utterance; and, at the last proof of his daughter's avowed affection, to an upstart, ignoble, misbelieving stranger, the Prince rose to secure the insolent intruder, whom he meditated to judge, condemn, and annihilate within his very palace, according to the imperial privileges of his princely rank.

The lovers had not even heard him rise,—and the moment they beheld his form, erect and guarding the entrance, each drew back—Duvivier in amazement, and Vittoria pale and terror-struck.

"Here then be thy doings, daughter," broke forth at length the voice of the Prince, of spectral sound, hollow, and doubly awful from disuse;—"this the way in which you tend the premature sleep of your old sire, and

guard his steps and your own in security and honour. May Heaven and the saints that watch over the interests of our house, be thanked!" continued he, bowing his grey head, "who have awakened me in the very hour when the Colonna name was at stake! and all I now beseech of them farther, is, that I may live to the world and to sense but one short hour, to put it for ever beyond hazard, in thy vows, unworthy daughter, and in the blood of this insolent stranger!"

As he finished speaking the Prince called loudly for aid, for Domenico, and his domestics. Vittoria sunk upon her knees, petrified and unable to move, and Duvivier was himself perplexed. Increased clamours, in the Neapolitan jargon—for their foot had by this time arrived—were heard in the piazza, and around the gates of the palace, which they had besieged for admission. The imminent danger of her lover aroused Vittoria,—she flung herself at her father's feet, and besought him to allow the French officer to escape.

She explained to him that he had saved them from the violence of the soldiery, had protected them, risked all for them; but the Prince comprehended and would comprehend no more than he beheld, and was rendered even more furious by the supplications of his daughter, and the passionate interest she evinced.

"No, daughter of mine, though kings should plead for him—he dies!"

Duvivier saw his danger, not in the insane determination of the Prince, but in the approach of the Neapolitans. Captivity, especially to such an enemy, and in such circumstances, was worse to him than death; still he could not bring himself to offer violence to the person of Prince Colonna, and before the eyes of his daughter. Domenico had obeyed the call of his master; the other domestics too were hurrying to the cabinet, when the forcible and tumultuous entrance of the Neapolitan soldiers distracted and dispersed them; causing the timorous to conceal themselves—

the bolder, and those more interested for their master's property, to meet the intruders, and prevent plunder by obsequiousness.

"They come," cried the Prince. "The guard arrives to my aid. Tremble, miscreant! And you," addressing his daughter, "whose wiles and unworthiness my brother, the Cardinal Colonna, so often declared to my incredulous ear, and whom I spurned at sooner than mistrust you: to him will I commit you. He will seal up in a convent the last unworthy descendant of his race; and I will relapse contented to the repose either of slumber or of the grave. They come."

The military rabble had evidently mounted the staircase, and were entering the suite of apartments. "Fly! begone! fly, Duvivier!" exclaimed Vittoria; "respect not even my father where your life is at stake. Save yourself at all hazards."

"Where does yon window open?" asked the Colonel.

"To the gardens—the gardens—out upon

the terrace; and they lead to the Quirinal. I hear them crowding into the gallery."

"Fear not, Vittoria," said Duvivier; "but I must not leave you in this menaced peril. You must accompany me, or I stir not."

"What madness! Would you expose me to the danger of shot and sabre? Begone, or I shall die ten times over in your peril."

"Nay, but a convent—and in the Cardinal's power! How shall we meet again?"

"Abandon the care of that to providence—to my constancy—my prayers."

Duvivier bade a last adieu to Vittoria,—flung open the sashes and *jalousies* of the window, and in an instant was free of the palace. The Prince, opening the door of the cabinet, called the Neapolitan soldiers to the pursuit. Vittoria, unknowing what she did, and absorbed in the single thought of Duvivier's safety, descended after him to the gardens, to watch and be certain of his escape. Instead of issuing forth, as urged by the Prince, in pursuit of an armed Frenchman, the

Neapolitans tarried in the cabinet, admiring and coveting the rich relics with which it was adorned ; and which, in these insecure times, had been collected for greater safety within the apartment chiefly inhabited by the family.

Meantime, Duvivier ascended, at no lingering pace, the rise of the gardens ; and after mastering some troublesome obstacles and intricacies of intervening wall and street, he reached the appointed spot, where Forêt and the two steeds remained ensconced behind some old ruins adjoining the Pope's stables. Vittoria, accompanied by Theresa, who, in the tumult, had flown to her mistress, mounted a lofty pavilion or summer-house in the gardens, which allowed her to watch the escape of her lover. She saw with delight that he had gained his steed and follower ; but still the broad and open piazza which crowns the Quirinal was to be passed by him ere he could gain the *Strada Pia*, at the termination of which was a gate that led to the Campagna, and to the road by which his soldiers were re-

treating. It was the spot on which Duvivier had met Latour on that memorable evening when the conspiracy against Massena was suddenly formed. Now, however, it was the troops of Naples, not of the Republic, that were scattered in considerable numbers throughout its extent, admiring the Imperial City that lay beneath them; and admiring not less the courage and success with which they had just achieved its conquest. The uncouth gabble of these heroes of Naples, which seemed as if it was produced by a lateral extension of the mouth, rather than by a legitimate opening of the jaws, sounded a sad presage in the ears of Duvivier and of Vittoria; for, considerable as was their number, their loud and unceasing chatter, kept up in the highest and shrillest tones of most inhuman voices, magnified that number fearfully to listeners so interested.

Colonel Duvivier, ere he ventured forth amongst such a swarm of enemies, reconnoitred carefully the state of things. It had been

a gloomy morning; and since it is in our power to be accurate, we may as well be so, by setting it down as the twenty-ninth of November, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. The damp sirocco blew its soul and body-prostrating blast; and the rain, that had long swept threatening from the distant marshes and the sea, was preparing to burst in torrents upon the conquerors of Rome. Relieved at the same time from the propinquity of the enemy, who had kept them more on the alert, fatigued with their march and the siroc, the greater part of the Neapolitans were, as Duvivier conjectured, employed either in the search or in the preparation of provender. Those who lingered in the piazza were enveloped in their capotes, not dreaming of an enemy, awaiting the produce of their companions' forage; some of them admiring the city beneath and the palaces around, but most regarding in wonder the famous fountain adorned with the Grecian steeds, which give the name of Monte Cavallo to the hill and piazza. Two

noble statues act as grooms to those steeds, which they seem more fit to carry than to mount; and the reader will not be a little surprised to learn that one of these very grooms has been chosen, under a new name and of a new material, to adorn one of our parks as a memorial of British heroism.

The greater number of the Neapolitans were collected near this fountain; and they stood, consequently, in the direct path from the ambuscade of the two Frenchmen to the *Strada Pia.* On a sudden the Colonel and his follower rushed forth, with sabres uplifted but not about to strike, as they called, with Stentorian voices, to the Neapolitans to surrender and throw down their arms. Of the nearest stragglers some fled, whilst others obeyed the mandate. Those, however, about the fountain, being more removed, and having more leisure to observe the two cavaliers that rushed upon them, *se pelottonnèrent*, as the French phrase is, grouped together to withstand or intercept this solitary pair of enemies.

These, instead of swerving from their course, or seeking to avoid the hostile group, charged straight upon, and into the midst of them, scattering and overthrowing the ill-disciplined and irresolute Neapolitans, and passing over and amongst them without receiving stroke or shot. It was an almost incredible escape; but daily instances of equal wonder occur in war. The Colonel and his follower gained the *Strada Pia* ere a Neapolitan musket could be pointed at them, so great was the panic which their charge and passage had produced. And those few which were fired afterwards, excited but the merriment of the two successful fugitives.

CHAPTER VIII.

" France! qu'as tu fait de ta gloire?
Toi meme a trahi la victoire,
Fidèle à tes nobles drapeaux,—
Pourquoi sur des rives lointaines
Avoir exilé tes guerriers?
Et pour des palmes incertaines
Laissé d'infaillibles lauriers?
Pourquoi fendre ces champs humides?
Que t'importent les Pyramides
Et des arts le berceau vanté?
Repousse ces hordes sauvages:
Défend sur tes propres rivages
Le berceau de la liberté."

LE BRUN.

ROME, in the meantime, became a fearful scene of confusion and bloodshed. Even before the French had altogether evacuated the city, or the Neapolitans entered it, the Trasteverini, joined now by the more timorous but as sanguinary rabble of other quarters, had risen, armed themselves, and went prowling forth in

search of objects on whom they might revenge their discomfiture of the preceding summer, and their oppression since. What renders the very lower orders of Italian cities—such as the Lazzaroni of Naples, the Trasteverini of Rome—so dangerous, is, that they live without having any connexion whatever with the middling or better order of their fellow-citizens. They are a class apart—living either altogether in idleness, as the Lazzaroni, or in occupations quite foreign to city-life, as the Trasteverini. Neither commerce, nor the employment of capital there, as in other countries, unites or brings together the different ranks of the population. Each individual is secluded in his caste; each caste has its own prejudices, its own ideas, which it possesses not the means of either modifying or communicating;—and civilization, if we dare give the name to such moral progress, flows in strong and separate currents; here rushing back against the stream, and there sweeping on with a rapidity that mars itself and ends in the whirl of an eddy.

The peasantry are superstitious; they naturally revere their religion and its priesthood; and if not goaded into discontent, have always a stock of admiration and love for their political rulers. Republicanism and deism need but display themselves among the upper orders, to awaken the moderate sentiments of those beneath them into bigotry. If old opinions too, be intolerant, be cruel, new opinions are even more excitative of hate by the superciliousness, the self-complacency, the sneer, which they always wear. Old opinions dread and seek to crush opposition: new ones ridicule and contemn it. The latter are calculated to stir up more evil passions in opponents; and one is therefore inclined to offer more excuses for the bigotted mob that rises in defence of its old altars, throne, and superstitions, than for the philosophical one that marches forth to massacre under the banners of reason.

The Roman *bourgeoisie* beheld the gathering numbers of their poorer fellow-citizens with alarm. In every piazza, at every corner,

was collected a group of ferocious countenances, eager for retaliation—for blood, though they could not decide upon the proper victims. The consuls, and other republican magistrates, had wisely retired with Championnet; and no Roman of obnoxious eminence offered himself to their fury. It burst forth, nevertheless, at first on inanimate objects: the trees of liberty, and other public symbols of the late state of freedom. The mausoleum of General Duphot was destroyed, and its materials scattered; many even of the statues of antiquity, which had outlived the popular commotions of twenty centuries, fell a sacrifice at length to this, as savouring in garb or ornament somewhat of the classic taste of the abhorred republicans. A few luckless living victims were discovered and sacrificed by the mob. This taste of blood increased its fury for more; and as the frenzied populace roamed and wavered, hungering after, and despairing of finding wherewith to satisfy this fearful appetite, some one of them happened to cry, "*I Ebræi, I Ebræi, al Ghetto,*

al Ghetto!—"the Jews, the Jews, to the Ghetto, the Ghetto!" The only crime of the poor Jews was their being emancipated from their Ghetto, or privileged quarter, by the French. But as vengeance had not been wreaked upon the infidel French, the next victims most precious to their superstitious zeal were the infidel Jews. And the Roman populace rushed at the word to the massacre of the unfortunate Israelites, and the sack of their miserable quarter.

Heedless of the suffering Jews, the King of Naples entered triumphant into Rome, and alighted at the ancient palace of the Farneses, his hereditary property. His first act was to condemn the two Coronas, who were brought before him—both Neapolitans, but one of whom had been minister of justice under the republican government—to be instantly shot!—His second act, taking it for assumed that the French army was utterly annihilated, was to invite the Pope to return to his holy office and government. The monarch's letter informed

the Pontiff, that by the especial aid and patronage of St. Januarius, he had reconquered the capital of Christendom; and concluded by entreating his Holiness "to mount up upon the wings of those cherubim who formerly transported our Lady of Loretto, and descend in the Vatican, to purify it by his presence."—General Mack proceeded, on his part, to summon the Castle of St. Angelo: it was a Neapolitan officer, named Bourcard, whom he despatched for that purpose. Walter heard his summons upon the walls of Hadrian's old tomb. "See you yon bronze angel on the summit of this fortress, in the act of unsheathing a sword?" asked Walter in reply.

"Doubtless, I see it," said Bourcard.

"Then I promise you, that that sword shall be unsheathed, ere General Mack or King Ferdinand hoist a flag behind that statue."

"I have been bidden to add," said the Neapolitan, "that in case of any cannon-shot or hostilities from the Castle, General Mack

will not answer for the lives of the French soldiers found in the hospitals of Rome. The General considers them as hostages, who, in that case, will be delivered up to the just indignation of the inhabitants."

"Now begone, ruffian!" said Walter; "if you desire not to be thrown headlong into the Tiber that rolls beneath us. No soldier would have sent or uttered the menace. And if, indeed, it be such a gang of assassins who have obtained temporary possession of Rome, the French will soon return to punish them by the cord, with the death that they deserve."

This savage and unsoldier-like menace of General Mack, produced such indignation when known in the army, that it was scarcely possible to restrain the French soldiers from rushing headlong upon every body of Neapolitans that showed itself. The usually enthusiastic valour of the French was converted into irresistible and vindictive fury; and the sanguinary threat of the Austrian contributed materially to the consequences which ensued.

On the following day, King Ferdinand received the felicitations of the magnates, and indeed of all ranks of the city—if their presence and declarations might be credited as sincere. A provisionary government was established, consisting of the Princes Aldobrandini, Borghese, Gabrielli, and some others. Cardinal Colonna, liberated from his prison, failed not to appear at the monarch's levee, to be active in the display of his zeal, and to assume that influence which, as the representative of so noble and powerful a family, was his due. The Prince had continued lucid and alive to consciousness, owing to the deep wound that his pride had received, for a time sufficiently long to allow him to see his brother the Cardinal,—to inform him of all that he had witnessed, and to entreat him, as he tendered the glory and spotlessness of the Colonna name, to take effectual measures that it should not be dishonoured. The discovery of the Prince was no cause of surprise to the Cardinal, who had been informed of every

particular in the conduct of Vittoria. He took care that witnesses should be present at this request of the Prince, this committal to him of the power and influence of their house. Vittoria, aided by the scrupulous jealousy of the pontifical court, had always hitherto opposed and set at nought his pretensions. Now, however, the Pontiff himself could not withstand a plea so valid: the Neapolitan court at least would not, considering his own influence there, his late captivity, and the proofs that could easily be adduced of Vittoria's having favoured the audacious suit of an heretic, a republican, a base-born Frenchman. The Cardinal promised his brother to execute zealously and religiously his request, by seeing Vittoria either vowed to a chaste and holy life in some noble convent, or else wedded to one of her own nation and rank. The Prince satisfied, pressed affectionately his Eminence's hand; and in a little time relapsed into that wonted state of non-entity, in which

the Cardinal, to tell the truth, wished to see him.

Vittoria, after having joyfully witnessed the escape of her lover, recurred, the moment Duvivier was out of sight, to sad considerations of all that awaited her; as the wretch, the consciousness of whose misfortunes is suspended by the representation of a dramatic scene, sinks, when the curtain is dropt, from the sweet sympathy with ideal misery to the painful reality itself. She then began to ponder upon her own fate; and when she thought upon her crafty uncle, into whose power she would undoubtedly fall, she almost regretted not having joined the French colonel in his flight. After a few troubled and hasty reflections, Vittoria bent her steps to the cabinet; the possibility occurring to her, that the Prince had ere then relapsed into stupor, and needed her presence and attentions, especially amongst the Neapolitan rabble that had taken possession of the palace. She found, however, on

entering, that order and quiet had been restored. She approached the cabinet, and the voices within it she could not avoid hearing, and knowing them the loud and excited complaints of the Prince, interrupted from time to time by the undertoned, priestly voice of the Cardinal. With melancholy forebodings, Vittoria felt that her reign over the Colonna household and its little realm of dependants was at an end; and, what she more regretted, that the guardianship and power of tending her beloved parent's person, would be intrusted no longer to her, but to some menial, careless even if honest; and against his being the latter many probabilities and suspicions struck the mind of Vittoria, and increased her wretchedness.

Her only thought of consolation was the French general's promise of speedy return, which could alone relieve her from the embarrassment of her present situation, and at the same time restore Duvivier to her. Such an utter revolution had been of late effected in

her hopes, that the subjugation of the Church and of Rome, which had till then appeared the most fearful catastrophe in human probabilities, was now the supreme object of her wishes. Those enthusiastic feelings which, while her heart and peace remained untroubled, had found leisure to expand and to become generously interested for the glory, the pre-eminence of Rome, and the religion identified with it, were now recalled to more intense and selfish sympathy with her own private fortunes. The mighty promises of the French to raise to real freedom those countries which their arms had succoured, much as the past belied those promises, were still sufficient to lull the once suspicious patriotism of Vittoria. And her religion—the task of satisfying its scruples—the pleading of her affections was at once so sweet and so powerful, that all the stern prejudices of bigotry gave way. The enthusiasm of devotion too is so akin to that of love,—they ally, they harmonize so well together,—the same tone of mind, the same

language even so wonderfully befits both, that, unless when guilt intervenes to set them at variance, as in the story of Eloisa, their tendency is, like confluent streams, to fill one current, and blend in undistinguishable flow.

It was some days subsequent to the scene which has been just described, that the Cardinal Colonna entered his niece's apartment. Vittoria received him with her wonted pride, though to preserve its appearance cost her a struggle, so much were her feminine feelings excited at the sight of her envious and triumphant relative. Her first impulse was to demand tidings of the Prince's state and safety; but she feared to trust her tongue with utterance, lest its falterings might betray her weakness.

Well, girl," at length broke forth the Cardinal, "are you neither anxious nor curious after aught; even though you have no salutation for your old uncle?"

"Is my father well, your Eminence?" asked Vittoria.

"Not so well as could be wished, daughter. The scene that he lately underwent has shaken him fearfully; it still haunts his repose, and converts his former languor into a state of dreamy restlessness."

"I will fly to him! Why shut me up—why banish me from my father's presence in the moment of his danger?"

"Good daughter, you rush on too hastily. There is no absolute or declared danger.—Moreover, when your very name, Vittoria, arouses the passions of your parent, the effect of your presence upon him might be fatal. His imperative command too, whilst in a lucid state, was that you should not be permitted to approach him."

"If he be in danger I will see him," said Vittoria rising, with a determination that alarmed the Cardinal into unsaying what he had said chiefly to aggravate to Vittoria her fault and its consequences.

"You terrify yourself needlessly, daughter. There is no peril, no malady that quiet and

repose will not allay. It was to consult respecting your own fate, Vittoria, not that of the Prince, my brother, that I came hither."

"Your Eminence seems already to have consulted for it, in depriving me of liberty."

"And it is to learn the possibility of restoring you to liberty that I now come."

"That is, whether I will accept it upon your terms."

Cardinal Colonna inclined his head as an assent.

"I fear much that the terms, which it would be your Eminence's interest to propose, would scarcely be mine to accept."

"Interest! girl,—what mean you by the insult? Do you attribute motives of self to your uncle Colonna,—a prelate of the Church, a member of the Holy Conclave, one eligible to fill the chair of St. Peter, and be the Almighty's vicar upon earth? This opinion speaks alone the contamination you have suffered and descended to in the society of these infidel soldiers, whom Heaven, in its wrath,

sent to chastise us, but in its mercy hath since scattered and discomfited. It is this that I would have guarded you against, had my reasoning been listened to, and my just rights not been thwarted by intrigue; and 'tis this, daughter, this pestilent stain upon your blood and creed, that must be washed out in penitence and prayer, ere you can be abandoned to your own frail guidance."

"Can it be a crime, then, of such magnitude to suspect a prelate of the Church of thinking upon his own interest in the least?"

"There is no greater in the Decalogue, girl, though it be not there written. Don't question me. What we say is sin, is sin;—and people wiser far than thyself are satisfied."

"Yet did I in person," rejoined Vittoria, "plead these same suspicions before his Holiness, Pope Pius, and he neither declared it sin, nor prescribed for it penitence and prayer."

"A vain and wrong-headed Pontiff, born for the destruction of the Church, and the dissipation of its resources," exclaimed the

Cardinal angrily, when such supreme authority was opposed to him.

"To him I appeal," said Vittoria solemnly, "without adopting your disobedient verdict pronounced upon him, uncle. His ear was ever open to the voice of the oppressed——"

"When his especial interests were not concerned."

"What! may a Pontiff be suspected of self, but not a Cardinal?"

"Ho! you have learned sophism and argument from infidels, have you? You turn the words of holy men against themselves —the certain mask and art of the priests of Satan. But I will answer you, Signora. Neither Pontiff nor Cardinal are to be judged or suspected in the opinions of a girl; but to those competent to judge, the conduct of all, even the highest are amenable."

"Be it as you please to lay down, reverend uncle. Forgive the petulance that leads a foolish maiden to argue with an elder of her family, and of the Church. My opposition,

if it be so that I must offer such, should be passive and silent, as it will be just and determined."

"Then you are predetermined to be obstinate?"

"Resolute as a Colonna, uncle."

"In what purposes, I pray you?—Nothing as yet has been demanded of you."

"No, in truth, not demanded, but taken. Why am I deprived of liberty—locked up as a child in my apartment—debarred access to my parent—deprived of rule in my father's palace,—I his only child?"

"All this is by the Prince Colonna's wish—uttered in saneness—witnessed by many—and, moreover, sanctioned by his Majesty, the King of Naples, who rules at present over Rome; and will soon, with the help of his Saint, over Italy."

"I acknowledge no such sovereign," exclaimed Vittoria, "and appeal to his Holiness, Pope Pius."

"Your appeal, girl, is lost within these walls.

I trifle time away in argument, idly thinking to soften a perverse will. You, the representative, as you were permitted to be, of the house of Colonna, are proved to have allied yourself with the enemies of monarchy and religion—with the infidel French,—nay, demeaned yourself so far as to suffer the addresses of one of these foreign rabble. The Prince, your father, has declared it so; and in his last words craved me, his brother, to save his family from the profanation. To me did he commit the care of you, and of this house; and king Ferdinand has sanctioned the sacred trust. His Majesty has inquired himself into your misdoings, as affecting the honour of a name which bears the first dignity of his realm; and has declared, that confiscation and exile, at the least, should have visited such unworthiness in another. To you the choice of two alternatives is left."

"A convent, one of them," said Vittoria; "and this, the Virgin knows, I would have embraced with joy, with fervour, and content,

had mine own resolve been awaited. Forced into a cloister I will never be."

"If you be worldly inclined, daughter," said the Cardinal, "a marriage is allowed as the other alternative. But your consent and union must be immediate. The Prince——"

"Name him not—name him not. The closest veil of the most rigid sisterhood were preferable to a Roman Prince of King Ferdinand's choice."

"I respect and applaud your preference of a cloister. And, for a particular house, I would recommend one here, even upon your natal hill; at the altar of which, none but the vows of princely blood are offered."

"*Si*, good uncle, where princely blood prefers from pride to offer up its vows of humility. But you are premature in making the selection. I find your exhortations little calculated to reconcile my mind to this act of self-sacrifice. And whether I wed man or cloister, it must be of my own free will, and of my own free choice."

"In other words, your predilections in favour of this foreign soldier are not to be overcome. Think, girl, for a time, and let reason influence you; if reverence for age, relationship, authority, have no weight. What hope can you have again to behold one of this band of marauders—scattered, slaughtered, subdued, of whom one will not reach his own country, or rest here, except in chains?"

"Alas! uncle, you speak as one skilled in the thoughts of the worldly, not in the whims of woman's heart! For, cared I aught for one of that fugitive band, his misfortunes would command my sympathy, far more than even such flow of glorious success as that which has hitherto attended the arms of the gallant French."

Cardinal Colonna lifted his hands aloft in surprise and horror at this avowal—this panegyric upon those who were then looked upon, and perhaps with some justice, as the arch-enemy.—"It is enough—it is enough," cried he, "I will at present tarry for no further argu-

ment. Remember the alternative offered, and ponder on it."

"Not a moment's further thought will I bestow," interrupted Vittoria; "neither Cardinal Colonna's bidding, nor yet that of the King of Naples, will I obey. Take my answer here, and now."

"I will return to-morrow," said the prelate, "and learn your resolve. The important consequences that must follow your rejection of both alternatives, are too heavy to be inflicted upon hasty words. For the present I bless you, daughter, and pray the saints to calm your intemperate mind."

"May they do so, kind uncle."

And the Cardinal Colonna withdrew.

CHAPTER IX.

"De quel éclat brillait dans la battaille
Ces habits bleus par la victoire usés!
La liberté mêlait à la mitraille
Des fers rompus et des sceptres brisés.
Les nations, reines par nos conquêtes,
Ceignaient de fleurs le front de nos soldats.
Heureux celui qui mourut dans ces fêtes!
Dieu, nous enfans, vous donne un beau trépas!" *

BERANGER.

THE French army seemed to be perilously situated, driven back amongst the fastnesses of the Appenine by an overpowering force,

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* It is impossible to make this quotation without adding here the striking lines and image which follow it:—

"Tant de vertu trop tôt fut obscurcie,
Pour s'enoblir nos chefs sortant des rangs.
Par la cartouche encore toute noircie,
Leur bouche est prête à flatter les tyrans."

its retreat and communication with the north of Italy, at the same time in danger of being cut off by a considerable body of the enemy, which, it was said, the English fleet had transported to Leghorn, and disembarked there. Encompassed, like a lion in the toils, Championnet, with the courage of a lion, prepared for defence. His head-quarters he fixed at Terni, from which central position he could communicate with his left, which opposed the march of the Neapolitans from the Abruzzi; and with his right, which, posted at Civita Castellana, watched the motions of Mack, and guarded the roads to Florence and Ancona. This division of the army, the nearest to Rome and to the enemy, was intrusted to the command of Macdonald.

These arrangements for defence were completed on the last day of November. From the heights and battlements of Civita, as well as from every eminence of that chain of hills which stretch forth from them to the Campagna, an anxious and expectant look-out was

kept for the coming of the Neapolitans. Galled by the idea of a retreat, though from before such numbers, and more politic than forced, the French soldier, in whose brilliant and continued career of victory this was the first interruption, longed to wash away the stain in the defeat of the enemy. Their military ardour was, on the present occasion, even heightened to indignation by the savage menace of Mack respecting the French wounded who had been left in the Roman hospitals, and by the circumstance of a French outpost having been surprised and massacred by King Ferdinand's troops. From day to day these expectations were disappointed. No flag, no column, not even a reconnoitring party enlivened to their eyes the still and desolate Campagna.

Nearly a week elapsed in this unaccountable cessastion of hostilities. The French commander observed, that, were they far weaker in courage and numbers, the time allowed would have been sufficient to place them beyond the reach of attack. But Mack,

like a stripling who has gained an unexpected triumph, paused to take breath and enjoy it, ere he proceeded to risk his glory in a more desperate encounter. In a week's time, however, the Neapolitan army was once more put in motion. According to the old and exploded school of military tactics, Mack divided his troops into five separate columns, each of which was destined to make a separate attack upon a certain point of the French position, which, being wisely concentrated, the Neapolitan bands struck as isolated darts upon the firm circumference of a shield on the compact circle of defence opposed to them. But it would be too much to demand of the reader an attention to the details of a campaign, or even of a general action. The feats of those personages, in whom I seek to interest him, being necessarily confined to one of the many scenes of combat.

An advanced guard, as it might be called, since the French had ceased to retreat, occupied the village of Nepi, under the command

of our hero, Duvivier, on whom Macdonald bestowed this post of honour. Some squadrons of his own regiment, two pieces of light artillery, and two or three chosen battalions of infantry, formed his sole force, destined, as it proved, to resist the attack of the first and principal column of Mack's army. Latour D'Auvergne, himself a host, was included in the ranks of one of these battalions; and during the five days of anxious expectancy, which the young Colonel but ill endured, trebly impatient of a retreat, marring hopes, all as dear to him as those of military glory, the coolness and quaintness of the veteran soldier and scholar by turns irritated and amused him.

The glad intelligence at length arrived, that the Neapolitans had reached Baccano, on their march from Rome; and that an attack might be expected on the morrow. Farther retreat was not meditated, nor indeed practicable. A general and decisive action must ensue as the necessary consequence; and the hearts of Duvivier and all his followers

were elevated at the thought. There arose in every breast, not only the natural excitement created upon the eve of a battle, but a further feeling of impatience, occasioned by a hatred and contempt of the enemy, before whom they had, nevertheless, yielded ground. The envy too, which the army of Italy naturally entertained of the grand army of Egypt and its vaunted exploits, the emulation arising from such a thought, the hope of themselves gathering laurels upon a soil not expected to produce them, spread through every rank an alacrity and delight at the approaching combat.

On the first march of the army to Rome, Duvivier remembered having noticed to Bassi, who then accompanied him—though the Consul now preferred safer quarters at Terni to exposing himself for friendship or acquaintance-sake at the outposts—the facilities which the village of Nepi offered for defence. It surmounted an eminence on the skirts of the Campagna, walled and fortified by chance as

well as design, by the substructures of old aqueducts, and by Etruscan, Roman, and Gothic ruins. Every age, and every nation, that had passed and lorded over the land, seemed to have contributed, both in building and destroying, to the chaos of Nepi's fortifications; and the red brick-work of battlements, erected in feudal times, frequently crowned the wall, the base of which displayed the peperine stone and tufus of the early Roman ages. In these ages, when history records the existence, the exploits, struggles, and conquests of numerous nations—so are they denominated—whose towns and territories were all included in the Campagna, Nepi must have been a strong-hold of importance, before which Veian and Roman blood no doubt was spilt in the very first age of the republic. Nature had marked it out for a fortress; it was separated from the plain which stretched towards Rome, by a ravine of considerable depth, over which the first arch of an aqueduct was sprung in its course towards the great city. The herbage

natural to southern climes, gigantic wherever shade and moisture are at hand to favour its growth, filled the recesses and clothed the sides of this natural fosse; and, mid-winter as it was, the luxuriant, green, and sturdy weeds, which had root below, formed a singular contrast with the blight and aridity that covered the exposed flat surface of the plain.

It was just such a morn as that on which, ten months before, the period at which this narrative commenced, Duvivier had led the advanced guard of the invading army along the road, and through this very village. As he betimes surveyed his little position, the sun rose once more behind the Tiburtine hills, with the same enchanting effect that had then struck him, chasing away the dull grey mists, on which each bright and swift-shot ray was palpably seen to strike and penetrate as it illumed it. The identity of the scene recalled the thoughts of the young soldier to more staid and full reflections than his leisure or temper generally permitted. Before that period

he could scarcely call to mind a cloud that had once shaded the sunshine of his existence, with the exception of the one dreadful event that had driven him forth to arms. Each year had brought to him fresh glory and success, and the intervals of inaction had glided away in careless enjoyment or high anticipation. From the day of his entry into Rome, however, the current of his fate had changed. Circumstances, that had ever fallen out for the best, as if ordered and awed from untowardness by his friendly genius, had since become as determinately and prepensely adverse. Love, from the hour of its admittance amongst his thoughts, seemed to have set all others astray,—to have troubled not only his internal happiness, but even his fate and fortune in things altogether unconnected with it. Nay, this new and unaccountable passion had proved not only unsuccessful in the attainment of its own hopes, but too jealous to admit of the continuance or co-existence of others. The soldier felt his hitherto ardent ambition,

his keen desire of glory, palled and blunted; and all the ancient idols of his young imagination shorn of their splendour. As the crosses and disappointments of life had led the stoic, patriot, and hero, to doubt of the divinity of virtue, so those attendant upon love led the soldier to doubt the divinity of fame; and in the sober sadness of sentiment he often moralized upon the vanity of all his laurels. It was with a mixture of this melancholy though very delightful feeling, that the Colonel stood gazing upon the scene and the sunrise, when the appearance of Latour by his side broke upon his reverie.

"Do you take the golden-haired Phœbus for Mack, Colonel, that you watch his advance with such earnestness. Truly the old god hath an honest, round, German face; and the Lazzaroni clouds around him take the sky lazily enough to bear out my fantastic whim, or yours, if you own it."

"Mine—'fore heaven, I forgot Mack was in existence. Now that you remind me that he

is—what tidings of him? Hath any deserter reached our out-posts in the night?"

"A Roman citizen, not an hour since, escaped from Baccano. He says we may expect them before mid-day."

"That's brave. To-morrow night we will plant once more the tricolor in Rome."

"You rave of Rome, and but of Rome. As if you were a citizen of its proudest state, when it was an Oasis of power and glory, with the whole world around it a mere desert of servitude."

"Why, you are flighty this morning, my veteran—quite poetic. Your imagination kicks up its heels like a wanton boy."

"Truly it is provoked to boyishness by the sight of a young soldier looking sentiment on a morn of action. Or rather it is an unaccountable vein of mirth, which with me always foreruns good fortune."

"I should like to know, Latour, how good fortune could possibly befriend thee? Or with

what ingenuity she could contrive to make thee accept her proffers."

"Why not me, as well as thee, youngster?"

"Thou knowest I am no military monk, living on self-denial, and making vows of humility. Me the fortunes of this day's field may make a general of division. You would scorn the boon."

"No doubt. But she hath others that would more befit the veteran of blanched hair and dwindled purposes, who lived his youth in one sort of world, prepared his thoughts, his life, his hopes, for its continuance; and now, in his old day, finds himself in quite another —a matter-of-fact, intriguing, selfish, unromantic world,—where cunning is wisdom, worldliness heroism,—where the animal virtues are alone in request and honour.—Yes, fortune hath yet a boon to bestow!"

"I comprehend nothing of all this, Latour."

"So much the better. You may divine sufficient of it, however, to perceive that I

have something on my mind—something serious that I would communicate, of importance to the name and fame of Latour D'Auvergne. I have chosen you out to commit it to you. I have sought you, followed your steps these many days, but now the time is come when I can no longer delay."

The Colonel stared in amazement at his friend; and from his speech and look of importance augured a disclosure of terror or of interest. Could it be some foul crime that rested on the mind of the veteran, and which it was at length imperative upon him to avow and shake off. To such his language seemed to point. And yet his pure, unstained, almost transparent character, defied such suspicion.

"Latour, you alarm me. What is the serious disclosure, and why is it called for now?"

"You promise to fulfil my wishes in it without fail?"

"On the word of a soldier."

"This then it is," continued Latour as gravely, and drawing a bundle of papers of some dimensions from his pocket: "on these have I spent my life."

Duvivier was somewhat alarmed at the size and closeness of the manuscript, containing, as he supposed, a detailed account of the circumstance which pressed upon the mind of Latour. "Nay, my dear friend," he exclaimed, "I am a busy soldier; could you not give me, in a few words, a summary account of the affair, and what I am to do, without referring to this mass of hieroglyphics?"

"Impossible for the pen of Tacitus to be more concise," replied the veteran; "the origin of languages is here developed from its source——"

"Of what?"

"Of languages."

"Then this dreadful affair of importance is a scribbled manuscript, which you would com-

mit to my care?" said the Colonel, breathing forth a mass of gathered uneasiness, with a mingled feeling of impatience and risibility.

"They are my '*Origines Gauloises*,'" whispered Latour, "for which the world hath been long impatient."

"The devil it hath!" ejaculated Duvivier, mentally.

"Were this army swept from existence, it would not be missed from the face of nature. A fresh growth of our gallant countrymen would take our place; and no gap would be perceived in life. But the ranks of intellect are not to be so replaced. This is now perfect. I would not link or risk its immortality by binding it to the same oblivious fate with this body of mine, which chance may dispose of in a ditch, or beneath a heap of those soldiers of Naples. But this must not perish: you will see to it."

"And how, my dear friend?"

"Here it resteth," replied the grenadier

author, returning his manuscript to his pocket, "whilst I live. But should this carcase of mine drop amidst these piles of antiquity, for which in truth it seems to entertain at present some predilection or presentiment, you, whose brow gives promise of hope and future glories, seek and save this better half of Latour,

'Et serves animæ dimidium meae.'"

"Go to, go to, Latour;—this is unlike yourself,—unlike a soldier, and a Frenchman of the republican age,—'tis superstition, effeminacy, part of the leaven of old priest-ridden times——"

"As you wish, you'll do my bequest, comrade?"

"Without doubt. And if I should fall, and you visit Rome once more, there is—— but nonsense, you infect me. We must live to tread the Capitol once more. And then, old comrade, in case a bullet should be Gothic enough to perforate your '*Origines Gauloises*,' and thus immerse the 'Origin of Tongues'

into obscurity once more, what is to be done?"

"I do not carry them in my breast, remember."

"True, true,—where alone a wound could reach Latour,—*au revoir*."

"Strange mortal!" said the Colonel to himself, as he departed to look to and perform the several duties of his station, "this has been his occupation, the daily travail of his mind; whilst warfare, which to all around him was the business, and, *parbleu*, the anxious and absorbing business of life, has been to him pastime. Of all the whimsical incongruities which our revolutionary war has produced, it is not the least startling to meet the vanity of an author in the first rank of grenadiers. Although it occurs to me that a colonel of right republican chasseurs, forgetting liberty, equality, glory, and *la belle France* in the princely coronet—no i'faith, but in the princely regard of a fair and noble Roman—may too

form a kind of phenomenon in his way.—*Soit—allons.*"

The mists of morning had long since cleared away. The interminable Campagna, forming for itself, like the ocean, its own horizon, was veiled by no haze save that which always rests upon distance. It is a painful sight that waste, to one who does not regard it with a dreamer's eye; it presents a cheerless, cold blank to the view, its vastness and monotony overwhelming the spirits, in this too, like the ocean, save that the roar and stir of the near waters is kindling and exciting to the mind, which their immensity palls. On the lucid plain all is still, the small voice even of vegetation is not heard; of animal life not even an insect rises on its tiny wing; and the sky seems to rest upon the earth, like the suffocating awning of a tent. In the Campagna di Roma, certainly imagination's powerful wand presents the scene under another aspect to the enthusiastic visiter; nay, as extremes are most productive of excite-

ment, the more arid the desert the more blank the waste, to a higher pitch of delight are his sensations wound. But to the inhabitant, even to the sojourner, this novel charm is lost; it becomes fainter on repetition, dies away, and will not be recalled. The most renowned, the most hallowed spot yields but one crop of associations, which, when reaped, no second growth springs up; the Campagna is but a desert, the Capitol but a ruined mound, to one whose first feelings upon beholding them have evaporated.

No marvel then that those who had looked down from the height of Nepi upon the Roman desert, for successive days, were heartily weary of its monotony, and sought anxiously over its surface for the variety of a hostile column. At length scouts and *eclaireurs* came crowding in. The several bodies of the enemy were declared in motion, and after a long and often mistaken scrutiny, the distant masses were discerned in march, some near, others far northward towards Soracte.—

The redoubtable columns, of some seven or eight thousand men each, moved across the distant plain like tiny specks, so completely is number lost in compactness; and it was curious and fearful the interest with which the motion of those small specks was watched by thousands. On nearer approach the sunbeams danced upon the glittering bayonets; and although it had rained incessantly the day of the retreat, now clouds of dust were beaten from the parched soil before the several masses of the marching enemy. The more distant columns still continued to appear the diminutive bodies which they at first appeared, as they marched to attack the central position of the French; but those whose object of attack was Nepi and Rignano, elongated and extended their lines, presenting soon a formidable army, not far removed from the scantily manned post of Duvivier.

There was a halt, a pause of some minutes on the part of the Neapolitans, either for the pluming of courage, or the completion of some

strategic arrangement or manœuvre. The two guns of the French were too trifling to be brought to play upon a distant line, and the hostile troops were allowed space for scanning each other, which they did with feelings somewhat different,—the Neapolitans with savage but faltering ardour, the Freneh with resentment and contempt. It having been the order of Mack that the several attacks should be simultaneous, the roar of cannon from the whole French line burst forth at once; and from Soracte, or Monte St. Oresto to Nepi, all was enveloped in the dense vapours of war. As the keen north wind, however, blew fresh from the Appenine, the veil of battle was blown aside at intervals, and discovered here the advancing column, there the shock of strife; while farther on, the routed troops of either party were seeking, in brief but disordered flight, a refuge in the ranks of their comrades. The Neapolitans, although it was the first time they had warred as an independent nation since the days of the un-

fortunate Manfred, displayed the valour of which men of all climes and countries are capable, if the corrupt laxity of their institutions, or the want of discipline does not mar it. Superstition too added to their bravery its blind excitement; but this could scarcely cope with the national gallantry and gay confidence of the French, although their old republican enthusiasm had by this time merged in ideas of glory purely military. From the enthusiasm which political convulsions give birth to, the fine spirit of freedom soon evaporates, leaving the baser ingredients of selfish patriotism and ostentation to supply the sentiment alone.

For upwards of an hour the French at Nepi successfully resisted and held in check the body of Neapolitans that attacked them; and, overwhelming as was their force, it was still repelled from Duvivier's position, at every fresh attempt, with rout and slaughter. Little advantage could be taken of this,—the French were too few to assume the offensive,

And the attack of the Neapolitans upon Rignano having been so successful as to drive the French back even upon the bridge and walls of Civita Castellana, it was late ere Kellerman, at length victorious, could send a reinforcement to the aid of Duvivier. Ere it arrived, however, when the success of the next division seemed assured to the French at Nepi—this assurance being gathered from the cessation of the uncontested fire behind them—the soldiers resolved to take the plain, and issue forth against the enemy, compelling their not unwilling Captain to acquiescence. Awed by the bold manœuvre, the Neapolitans took advantage of the course of a swampy rivulet that ran not far in front of Nepi; their artillery was placed beyond the little bridge that crossed it, and over which the high road passed, whilst bodies of their infantry, lining the marshy banks, were concealed and outtopped by the gigantic reeds that grew thereon.

As Colonel Duvivier led his troops down

the descent of Nepi, under a sharp fire, he found himself for a moment by the side of Latour.

"Now, *mon grenadier*," said the Colonel, "you must carry the bridge, you *pedites*, and leave me way for but a horse's hoof, and we'll chase these fellows, like a louting herd of oxen, back to Rome."

"The bridge shall be carried without fail," replied Latour; "though had we delayed ten minutes for a reinforcement to turn this stream and divide the enemy, much loss would have been spared."

"No, no; I'll not share glory with old Kellerman. The powdered, little, old-school veteran, would be vaunting that he saved us boys."

"The old-school veteran might have vaunted truly."

"Bah, Latour! We have scarcely lost a man—look round. These fellows, as our soldiers say, charge their pieces with macaroni, not with lead."

"And so have contrived, it appears," said the grenadier with a growl, "to afford us a belly-full of fighting."

"Go to—you jest in action, and prate of gloomy presentiments before it."

"The Ides of March are not past, Colonel."

"*En avant, mes braves*," cried Duvivier, and the measured pace of the battalion, altered to the *pas de charge*, advanced, not at first impetuously but steadily to the encounter. The bridge, the course of the stream, and the troops along it, were in an instant enveloped in a sulphurous cloud, from whence a volley of unseen lightnings made havoc amongst the French, in spite of Duvivier's jocular assertion. The head of the column was soon lost in the smoke; again and again the loud-mouthed artillery spoke—ceased;—the clash of closer weapons succeeded the shouts and struggles of the combat. The bridge was carried—the cavalry swept over it—the strife after a while was hushed; and as the clouds were dissipated and driven before the wind, the Nea-

politans were seen in full rout, scattered over the Campagna, flying and mingled with their pursuers. Here and there a partial combat still took place, as a body of the fugitives, too sorely pressed, turned and stood against their conquerors; and these, according to the force contiguous to or around them, were either charged, ridden through, and sabred; or else, their valour respected, were allowed to continue their retreat.--The division which had marched to the attack of Rignano, had suffered earlier a similar defeat; and the fugitives of both were mingled in flight. The pursuit continued as far as Monterosi, when Duvivier, still uncertain of the fate of the day, or of the combats fought eastward, near the course of the Tiber, drew off those of his cavalry who had followed so far, and retired towards his former position.

The day was nearly spent, as these returning spurred their steeds, weary, but almost as conscious of victory as their riders, over the wide plain. It was thinly scattered with the

dead and the dying, but more with caps, arms, accoutrements, and all the apparel of the soldier; the sutlers had not ventured so far. Here and there, where a stand had been made, the pile of dead rose one upon the other; whilst, perhaps, some gallant survivor, who had missed his attached comrade in the conflict, approached the heap and looked in momentary search. The friendship of the human species indeed seemed here not so manifest as that of man to beast, for more cavaliers cast their eyes around in search of their lost steeds, than in anxiety to learn the fate of friends or companions. Duvivier, as his good horse bore him leisurely over the fallen bodies of his mangled followers and enemies, was very selfishly and placidly absorbed in calculations of the new rank with which his conquest might be repaid. It was not for some time, not till he had uplifted his view to the crimson tint of the declining sun, on the abrupt sides and clefts of Mount Soracte, that his thoughts took a milder and more generous channel.

He then indeed, when moved by scenic beauty, experienced for a moment sentiments akin to it, and gave a passing thought to his affections. It was but passing—the sounds of war still came from a distance; and tokens of a still subsisting and doubtful conflict could be both seen and heard—around at the foot of Soracte or Monte St. Oresto it seemed to rage, even as if it were noon. Duvivier still watched the distant scene, absorbed in it till he approached Nepi once more. His troops were at the time wisely regaling themselves with a hasty meal after the exhaustion of the combat. Their merriment, surrounded as they were by death, seemed no dissonance to their commander's ear; his spirits even rose as their loud chorus resounded above the wailings of the wounded, and the echoes of distant battle. Looking towards them, as they crowned the ruins of Nepi, he approached the little bridge which had been the scene of a severe though brief contest. He cast his eye a moment round, to mark what had become of the Neapolitan field-pieces, which

had played upon them so hotly a few hours since. Some had disappeared, dragged either into the Campagna by the conquered, or into Nepi by the French. One he observed towards the side unmoved; the heaps of slain around it would have required perseverance to have removed them ere it could be brought off. It stood, therefore, in a kind of human intrenchment;—and strange, a form appeared to be seated upon the heap, reclining against the fatal gun. Duvivier drew near. It was motionless; the martial head-gear, whatever that might have been, thrown off,—the face upturned, pale, and serene. The light, already faint, fell for the last time on that noble countenance in its perfect expression; by the morrow, "Decay's cold fingers would have swept its lines." Duvivier could not mistake it—the grey locks, the dark moustachios, the placid countenance—it was Latour.

Duvivier dropped from his horse. A lance, most probably of one of the German followers of Mack, had transfixed the veteran's heart.

He sate, dead, and leaning against the cannon he had won. Soldier as Duvivier was, acquainted with death both in friend and foe, the sight overpowered him ;—he sate too, and for a few brief moments, the scene around—the noise of triumph and of wo—the field of slaughter and of victory, struck him with unutterable disgust. Glory even seemed a sickening crime, and life a horrid dream, well escaped from.

Some stragglers passed at length, and the sound of their careless voices roused him to that apathy which was habitual to him. He first secured and deposited in his bosom the object of Latour's prophetic bequest on that morning; and calling some troops, aided them to bear to Nepi the remains of the noble veteran.

CHAPTER X.

"Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool."

Hamlet.

THE reports of distant war, promising speedily to decide the fate of Rome, brought comparative relief to the anxious minds of its inhabitants, so long held in bondage and suspense. Liberation indeed appeared to them an ominous and fearful word; it was what the French had at first promised, and they found it to mean robbery and most oppressive levies of money. The Neapolitans advanced with the same attractive word; and their insolence, domination, and extortion, exceeded even that of the French, being, at the same time, far more

odious to the Romans, from the municipal hate and contempt, borne always by one petty and independent portion of a great country towards another. The Roman rabble, in the midst of their successful zeal, began to forget their bigotted abhorrence of the French, in ferocious jealousy of their allies and brothers of the peninsula. The Lazzaro, and the man of Trastevero, could be made by no means to agree,—the one abject, spiritless, unless when excited to extremes, false, cunning, mean, gluttonous, and corrupt, with all the vices of the lowest order of mankind, almost sanctioned by an accommodating string of superstitions, called religion; which, to preserve its hold over such a race, condescends either to mean or to tolerate any thing;—the other, proud, independent, industrious, and, though superstitious, incorrupt, brave, rude, ferocious, displaying the ancient Roman, from whom he claims his descent, in every feature, physical and moral. The Neapolitan dull, seemingly, and wanting altogether, as in the olden time, the liveliness or

the ingenuity of the subtle Greek, of which race he is—the Roman formed for empire, and for nought else, and whom no power, save the unmanly rule of the priesthood, could, for so many centuries, have numbed into torpor and insignificance. In the Roman woman too, the traits of nobleness and superiority are even more conspicuous. She indeed possesses that virtue which, in the sex, at least nationally and generally speaking, guarantees all others, viz. chastity. And so much, it is to be feared, cannot be said for any other race in the classic peninsula.

These differences in provincial character, produced frequent squabbles between the troops of Ferdinand and the Romans. The latter began to think even the tricolor and the tree of liberty preferable to the insecure, faltering, and therefore grasping rule of the King of Naples and the Commission appointed by him. If such were the opinions of the multitude, the hopes of the middling orders need not be detailed. Walter still held the Castle, his

pointed cannon rendering the bridge of St. Angelo, and even the Borgo St. Pietro, impervious to the Neapolitans. The pious Ferdinand, and the prelates attached to him, feared even to enter St. Peter's to hear the frequent *Te Deums* chaunted for his victories, except through the new-built Baptistry of Pope Pius, as a discharge from the Castle swept at times the spacious piazza in front of the Cathedral.

Vittoria, in the meantime, suffered captivity, subject to continual menaces and torment on the part of her uncle; rigidly secluded from the Prince, her father, from the consolation of even beholding him from time to time, the Roman maiden was steeled by such unjust severity in her resolutions to resist every wish and plan of her oppressor. In vain did her eminent relatives, the prelates of the Church, and princes of the State, visit and endeavour to bend her to acquiescence. Argument and entreaty—menace and persuasion, were alike thrown away; and the Cardinal craftily in-

duced the members of the Council to use their personal influence with his niece, whom, as the last scion of a noble house, it was of such importance to attach to the orthodox and hierarchic party, foreseeing, that if their entreaties were not successful, their self-love at least, wounded and irritated by the obstinacy of a girl, would be led to countenance him in adopting a course of further violence and severity.

Although she had been at first loud in her expressions of resentment and determination, Vittoria at length became wearied by the assiduity of her enemies ; and as new personages intruded to listen to her appeals, and obviate her objections with fresh pertinacity, silence became her only defence and resource. This silence became not even sullen ; and, though not shaken in her resolution, she was wearied into patience, and at least apparent equanimity. Having so far succeeded as to appease the *faroucheness* of his niece, (*ferocity* is a word too strong,) the Cardinal, who thought

this a step towards what he desired, began to entertain hopes that he would at last induce her at first to choose one of the alternatives; which, once yielded, he hoped further to contrive her final choice of that alternative most suitable to himself and his own views.

One morning the Cardinal had been with Vittoria, blandly conversing and entertaining her with tidings of the complete rout of Championnet's army; and Vittoria listened calmly, without giving utterance to any of the thoughts that agitated her. Theresa, who had continued the fellow-captive of her mistress, sat by her side, ever and anon casting up a look in wonder at that power, habitual to the lofty-born, of restraining and concealing their most lively feelings. The Cardinal at length withdrew; and Vittoria, allowing a sigh of relief to escape, leaned her head upon her hand, as if in repose, after a long and painful effort. The window of the apartment—which the precautions of Cardinal Colonna had taken care should be lofty, and of the range most removed from

the ground—looked towards the gardens of the palace, through which Duvivier had made his venturous escape. It was a prospect Vittoria loved ; and the pavilion whence she had seen him for the last time, was oft and long the object of her contemplations.

So was it at present. The carriage of the Cardinal was heard in a few moments to roll away through the court-yard, on some errand of ambition or intrigue. As the sound of its wheels died away, a voice was heard almost immediately to chant from below. Apparently, however, it was a voice not much accustomed to such vocal exertion, for it quavered and trembled, and accomplished each note as a wilful thread's point passes on all sides of a needle except through the eye. After several failures and quavering preludes, the vocalist at length got fairly into his song, affecting extreme carelessness in the execution of what was certainly a task prepense, as if he would have it thought a mere voluntary, a harmonious whim, into which his spirits evaporated. At

intervals too, the strain was interrupted by the noise of a spade or hoe driven against the ground, implying that the singer was employed in the cultivation of the garden. His song was one of the common ballads of the country, without meaning or allusion, some such as the pure and sunny sky over head might suggest :—

> "Che dolce clim' e questo,
> Che brav' e buona gente?
> Un cielo più ridente
> Natura non si fà.
> No, no,
> Natura non si fà."

Vittoria listened; but her attendant, with less patience, stretched forth her head at once to ascertain who the Orpheus might be.

"It is Domenico, old Domenico, I vow!" exclaimed Theresa; "he would never raise that cracked voice of his, unless he had something to communicate."

"Speak to him, Theresa, I will show myself."

Vittoria did so, and the old man recommenced his song and his hoeing with more alacrity than ever, throwing at the same time something that looked very like an epistle at his feet.

"He has a letter!" cried Theresa, in delight, clapping her hands.

"Peace, girl," rejoined her mistress, "I will have none of his letters. Ask him how my father is."

The language of the fingers is universally understood in those lands of silent and secret love. And Theresa put the question in as large characters as gesticulation would afford. The old domestic shook his head in reply. He had not seen his master. No one was permitted to see or approach him; and Domenico seized his hoe, and drove it against the earth with fury expressive of his rage and intentions. He then again flung down the letter, and made signs that he must begone.

"*E per me*," said Theresa, "it is for me." And without any opposition on the part of her mistress, joining together a line of

many knots and materials, some of which it would not be consistent with the dignity of this narrative to specify, Theresa conveyed the letter into her own hands, and thence—for all superscriptions were alike Greek to her—into those of Vittoria. It thus, as our readers, as well as Theresa and her mistress surmised, reached its proper address.

Of seals, devices, perfumed and superfine note-paper, the ladies of Italy, even civilized as they have been of late, are as yet altogether ignorant. The gracious billet of a princess will be oft upon material as tenuous, and scarce more fair than a spider's web. Even the French, with their motto-lending and epistolary tongue, are scarcely more particular in this respect. But of all love-billets—and this could be no other—the hand of damsel never pressed a less promising one, it was be-blotted all over, and ill-used; moreover, addressed "*Alla Serenissima, Onoratissima, Illustrissima,* &c. &c."

"It is written upon cartouche-paper," said

Theresa, " upon a cannon too just exploded—it is so black,—and with moistened gunpowder instead of ink,—sent from the field of battle. Now would I rather receive such a letter, than be at once made a born princess——"

" Silence! you silly one," said Vittoria, as she with some difficulty unfolded the epistle.

The moment she had succeeded, she flung it from her with some despite—a feeling in which the equally disappointed attendant fully joined. On whatever paper written, it certainly did not come from a field of battle, being the writing of no other than the worthy Fra Tommaso himself, the confessor and preceptor of Vittoria, but whom it pleased not the Cardinal to admit any longer, for the present, to be the spiritual conductor of his niece.

The first feelings of disappointment subsided, tidings from any friend were welcome to the captives; and the letter of the good Fra being resumed by the patient hand of Vittoria, she decyphered it as follows:—

"My most honoured daughter,

"It grieves my old heart, more than I can express, or could have expected, to be shut out from your presence, especially at a time when you must need consolation. But his Eminence, the worshipful Cardinal Colonna, will not permit you to want ghostly comfort: of this I rest satisfied. Yet do I think it charitable to add the admonitions of one well acquainted, my dear daughter, with the state of your heart and conscience.

"They say you are about to become the spouse of Christ, to assume the veil, and take the vows of the sisterhood of San. Domenico. I am sorry for it, never having yet heard you express a wish for such a life, which, if not chosen from the cradle, and from especial temperament and disposition, forms but a living grave where bad passions rankle. To be forced to it, you, I know, will not submit. But suffering and sorrow often beget, especially in tempers like yours, a spirit of impatience, to

escape from which any gulph is leaped into. Beware. Do not rush into bigotry, nor mistake momentary zeal for a resignation fit for eternal vows. Our sainted brother, Pope Ganganelli, of blessed memory, has said, that 'true devotion consists not in a dusky garment.' He liked not the vows of the young, the extremes and supererogations of religion, exclaiming oft with St. Augustine, '*Amate Dio, e poi fate quel che volete.*'

"The preference of a princely husband would be far better—take the words of an old friar—especially as this acquiescence implies not the having fixed upon any *one*. The compliance will perplex sinister views, and appease the awakened severity of the governing Commission. Time will at least be gained—ever the better half of success.—Bless thee."

"Thank you, my second father, for your kind advice," ejaculated Vittoria; "your fears are groundless—but your views just. How is

it that I could not discover this? The Cardinal cannot wish me wedded; that were indeed to raise up a rival stronger than even I, to his own hopes. His offer must be founded upon a certainty of my refusal. He knows my pride, and thinks that its inflexibility will afford him excuse for oppression."

Vittoria continued long to muse upon friar Tommaso's advice, and concluded by adopting it. The Cardinal renewed his visit to his prisoner on the same evening, for the purpose of communicating the further disasters of the French; that the English and Neapolitans, headed by the hero Nelson, had disembarked at Leghorn, and were marching upon Perugia, to cut off and envelop the army of Championnet. The Signora appeared to receive these tidings with resignation. The continued reports of French ill fortune seemed to have had the effect of shaking her admiration for the *ultra-montanes*, her confidence in their invincibility; and this last *coup de grace*,

which, according to report, they were about to receive from Nelson, seemed finally to extinguish her predilections.

Cardinal Colonna was delighted with her altered mien. He expatiated on the merits of listening to good counsel; and, for the first time, expressed sympathy in the sorrows of ill-bestowed and unprosperous affection. Vittoria could scarcely contain her resentment, or carry further her dissimulation, on hearing from the Cardinal such an allusion, of which she now perceived the drift. But prudence conquered, and enabled her to rally so far as to contradict, by seeming gaiety, any supposition that she was in such a state of sorrow and despair as to preclude the idea of an alliance, and render a cloister the only refuge for her disappointment. The Cardinal was here perplexed, and, moreover, not without suspicions. He feared to speak, lest he should lead the conversation to the point he wished to avoid; but, as to depart silent would betray his perplexity, he diverged into one of those

common-place homilies which churchmen have always in reserve, when pressed for something meaningless in pulpit or in parlour. Winding up this sort of moralizing rigmarole with a blessing, he rose to depart.

Vittoria begged of him to delay, and hear her. She was weary of captivity; she wearied of being secluded from her parent; and, after much reflection, she had at length come to the resolution to accede to her uncle's wishes, and those of the ruling Commission, in accepting one of the alternatives proposed.

"I am delighted, enraptured, dear Vittoria, to hear you speak so!" cried the Cardinal, "your resolution to accept one of the alternatives is exemplary;—but I trust, girl, you will take further time—a day or two at least, to consider which of these grave conditions you will select."

The Cardinal seemed especially anxious to gain time, even for one or two days, for which he had a pressing and special reason.

"The resolution of compliance once taken,"

said Vittoria, "the choice of alternative is easy."

"What then,—you are predetermined to a cloister, daughter? Have you weighed well the sacrifice?"

"We have," interrupted Theresa, answering for her mistress, who, even though dissembling, faltered to declare the alternative on which her choice had fallen, "and will not try it. Let us forth into the world out of this grim chamber, and we will soon choose husbands for ourselves, since your reverences ordain them to us, by way of penance for our sins."

"Peace, imp!" said the Cardinal.

"Though the girl speaks irreverently, uncle, she speaks true. I cannot resign myself to take the veil. Liberate me,—let me see my father. And in time I shall have no objection to receive the addresses of a Roman, if he be noble in mind as well as blood."

"Hem—have you spoken this to any of the members of the Commission? Have they visited you to-day?"

"I believe you did, Signora, make some mention of the kind to Prince Aldobrandini B——"

"Peace, again, imp of ——! I will myself mention your compliance to them forthwith; and if they judge that you should have liberty, I shall be delighted to throw open the door."

The Cardinal withdrew; and Vittoria, grateful for the advice of the Fra, which had so far succeeded as certainly to perplex her uncle, passed the evening in her usual musings, her dreams of hope and fear. Some days previous there must have been a battle between the hostile armies. From noon till eve she had listened to the dreadful reports of their artillery, wafted by the north wind to her ears. She had hoped, she had relied on the gallantry of the French; but outnumbered, of what avail was valour? And although she could not altogether credit the tidings of their utter discomfiture brought by the Cardinal, still there having been an engagement, and the French

not only still absent from Rome, but driven farther from it, it appeared, into the Appenine, there was too much reason to fear that the gallant little army would perish in the midst of its foes.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

JOHN JOHNSTONE, PRINTER.

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3 0112 045824957